RADIO-TV MIRROR

ember

N. Y. radio, TV listings

ane, Sharon and John Larkin

Lyle Sudrow
Born for Each Other

Mary Lou Harrington
Just Married!

Helen Lewis
Perpetual Honeymoon

rey's New Find—Lu Ann Simms • Ralph Edwards
nse Attorney • Exciting, Romantic Man—Bill Lipton

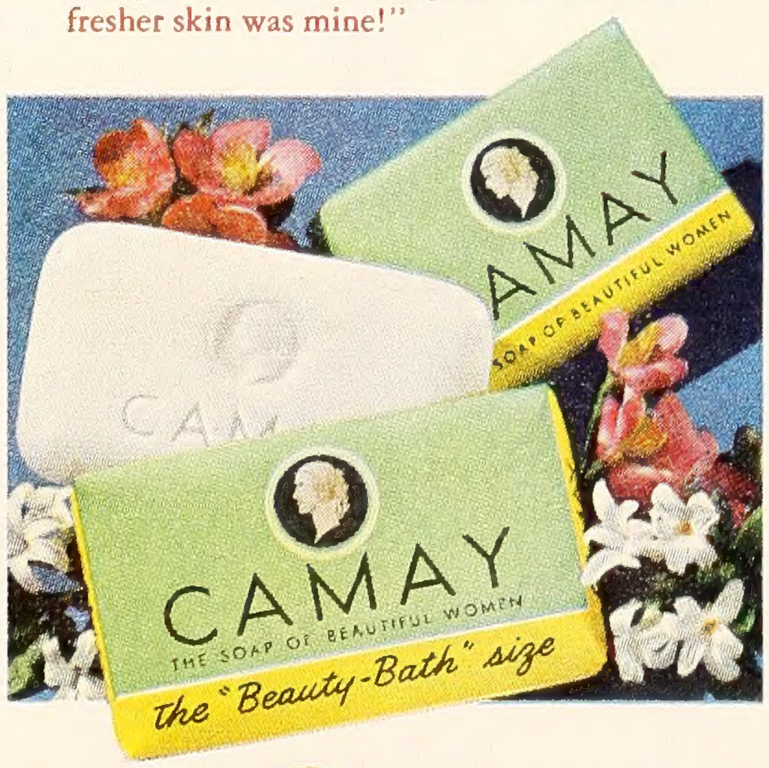
25¢

Bring your skin "Out of the shadows" with Camay...

INTO THE LIGHT OF LOVELINESS!

MRS. JEROME JOSEPH KALMUS—a stunning Camay Bride—says: "Camay keeps my skin 'out of the shadows,' all right. As soon as I changed to Camay and regular care, a clearer, fresher skin was mine!"

This lovely Camay Bride can tell you—
the First Cake brings a brighter, clearer skin!



ROMANCE is often only a dream—marriage merely a hope—for girls with cloudy and dull complexions—skin that's "in the shadows," so to speak.

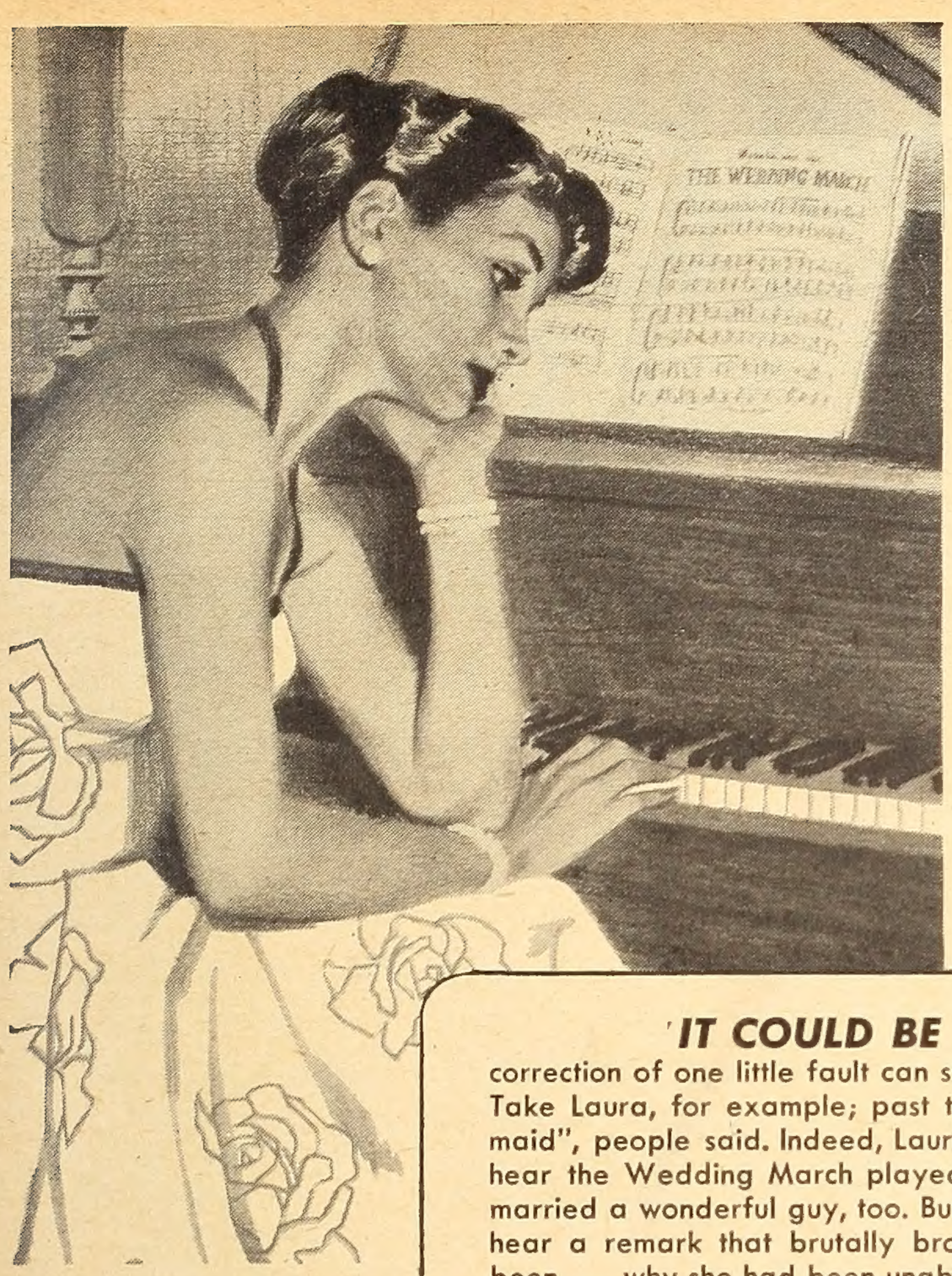
So why should you let shadows hide your charm? Camay can take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness. Change to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone. Your complexion will have a fresher, clearer look—be smoother to the touch, with your very *first cake* of Camay.

For complexion *or* bath, there's no finer beauty soap than Camay. Camay has such a gentle touch—and its lather is rich, creamy, abundant. Take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

New beauty—top to toe!

Chase the shadows from all of your skin with a daily Camay Beauty Bath! Bring your arms and legs and back that "beautifully cared-for" look! Camay's fragrance is so flattering, too. Buy big, economical Beauty-Bath size Camay for more lather—more luxury!

Camay the soap of beautiful women

She thought she'd never hear it . . . . . BUT SHE DID!

IT COULD BE YOU . . . It's wonderful how the correction of one little fault can sometimes change a girl's entire life. Take Laura, for example; past thirty, and not a prospect! "An old maid", people said. Indeed, Laura, herself, thought she would never hear the Wedding March played for her. *But eventually she did . . .* married a wonderful guy, too. But only because she chanced to overhear a remark that brutally brought home what her trouble* had been . . . why she had been unable to hold a man. Laura's case is not a rare one. It could be anyone. It could be you!

Listerine Antiseptic Stops Bad Breath

FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN CHLOROPHYLL
FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN TOOTH PASTE

NOTHING repels a man like halitosis (bad breath)*. And everyone—even you—can be guilty without knowing it. Why risk offending needlessly . . . why take chances with lesser methods when Listerine Antiseptic is such a wonderful, *extra-careful* precaution against it?

Clinically Proven Four Times Better

Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic and oral bad breath is stopped. Instantly! Delightfully! And usually for hours on end. Never, never omit it before any date where you want to be at your best.

A nationally known, independent research laboratory reports: Listerine Antiseptic averaged at least four times more effective in reducing breath odors than three leading chlorophyll products and two leading tooth pastes . . . stopped bad breath up to six hours and more. That is, up to three to four times longer than any of the tooth paste or chlorophyll products by actual test!

No chlorophyll, no tooth paste Kills odor bacteria like this—instantly

You see, Listerine instantly kills millions of the very mouth germs that cause the most common type of bad breath . . . the kind that begins when germs start tiny food particles to fermenting in the mouth. No chlorophyll, no tooth paste offers clinical proof like this of killing bacteria that cause bad breath.

So, when you want that *extra assurance* about your breath, trust to Listerine Antiseptic, the proven, germ-killing method that so many popular, fastidious people rely on. Make it a part of your passport to popularity. Use it night and morning and before every date. Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, *St. Louis 6, Missouri.*

THE EXTRA-CAREFUL PRECAUTION AGAINST BAD BREATH . . . LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

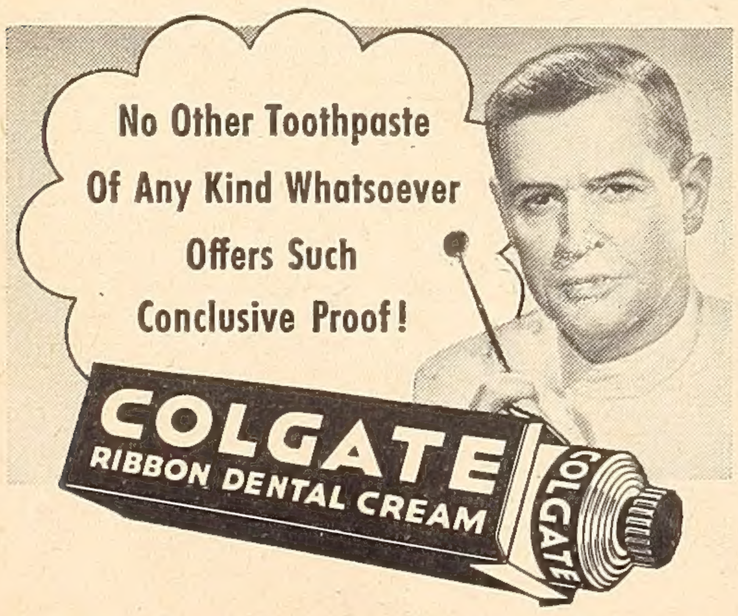
R M 1

Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
STOPS
BAD BREATH
AND
STOPS DECAY
BEST!

Colgate's Instantly Stops Bad Breath
In 7 Out of 10 Cases
That Originate in the Mouth!

It cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth! Brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream gives you a *clean, fresh* mouth *all day long!* Scientific tests *prove* in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate's *instantly* stops bad breath that originates in the mouth. No other toothpaste has proved so completely it stops bad breath. No other cleans teeth more effectively, yet so safely!

Yes the best way is the Colgate way! In fact brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today. The Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! Yes, to help stop bad breath and tooth decay at the same time, the *best* way is the *Colgate* way!



PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S
WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

R
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2

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Now! A choice of 3 permanents for all different types of hair

NEW TONI TRIO
custom-made for you!

Regular Toni

FOR NORMAL HAIR

Perfect for most women—including the millions of Toni users who have always had good results. Now better than ever, Regular Toni gives you the beauty of a natural wave because it's just right for normal hair.

Very Gentle Toni

FOR EASY TO WAVE HAIR

If your hair waves very easily you need the extra mildness of Very Gentle Toni. It's custom-made to give you a soft, natural-looking permanent. Also wonderful for bleached or tinted hair—or hair with some natural curl.

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FOR HARD TO WAVE HAIR

If other permanents didn't take or didn't last, Super Toni is your answer. For it is specially made to curl resistant hair. Super Toni is recommended, too, for women who want a curlier permanent.

Now . . . do what the finest beauty shops do

—choose a permanent custom-made for your type of hair. Make your choice from the New Toni Trio — *Regular* Toni, *Super* Toni, *Very Gentle* Toni. Three different permanents, each expertly formulated by the world's leader in hair research to give you a home permanent custom-made for your type of hair. And that means a lovelier, livelier, more natural-looking wave than ever before. Results no single-lotion permanent can give. Today, choose from the New Toni Trio the one permanent just right for your hair.

Your choice of Toni refills **$1.50**

Tonette

NEW PERMANENT FOR CHILDREN

At last a permanent that takes on every little girl's hair! Tonette—the children's home permanent by Toni. Specially made for youngsters' hair that lacks body and resists ordinary permanents.

Tonette refill **$1.50**

WLIB's Bettelou Purvis—your hostess for the tops in the "new" jazz.

the Spinner

Sanctum with Bettelou Purvis

AROUND 8:45 on Saturday and Sunday evenings, New Yorkers who happen to turn their dials to WLIB are in for a rare experience. For it's then that "Keeper of the Flame" Bettelou Purvis introduces the weird platters which are the specialty of Spinner Sanctum. It's strange enough to hear a female as deejay—even stranger to hear the spooky presentation—but strangest of all is the kind of music featured on Bettelou's program. Jazzologists might classify it as variations on be-bop, or "cool" jazz, but whatever the term used, its list of titles sound like selections from the "Arabic Hit Parade."

The history of the gal who keeps city slickers (with a taste for the macabre in discs) tingling in their contour chairs starts back in Pittsburgh not very long ago. Bettelou has a very sneaky hunch that she was born with a record in her hand. By the time she was nineteen, the dark-haired damozel with the big expressive eyes was already launched on a radio career. She was, at that time, writing and broadcasting children's hours, women's shows, quiz programs, and jazz sessions. A former *Downbeat* correspondent, Bettelou has chalked up ten years of musical training in piano and voice and is recognized as an authority on jazz. Recently, Mayor Morrison of New Orleans presented her with the Key to the City for promotion work in connection with New Orleans musicians.

Actually, all this interest in jazz and its history is not at all odd when you know that her father, Jack Purvis, is one of the pioneer Dixieland musicians and plays thirteen instruments. Jack recorded with jazz greats like Coleman Hawkins, Adrian Rollini, Max Kaminsky, in the days before the "cool set" were old enough to listen to the radio. Present fare on the Spinner Sanctum is far afield from the Dixieland jazz Bettelou grew up on—it's cool instead of hot. In fact, the atmosphere in Spinner Sanctum is almost as cold as a tomb. So pull up a contour chair and listen to Bettelou, "Keeper of the Flame." And if you're smart, you'll sit near the flame.

"I flirted with trouble in New York!"

"It was a glorious, bright day," explained Doretta Morrow, "when Steve and I set out to see the sights of the city. But there was a wintry nip in the air, too, and when we got back from our ferry ride I knew I was in for trouble.

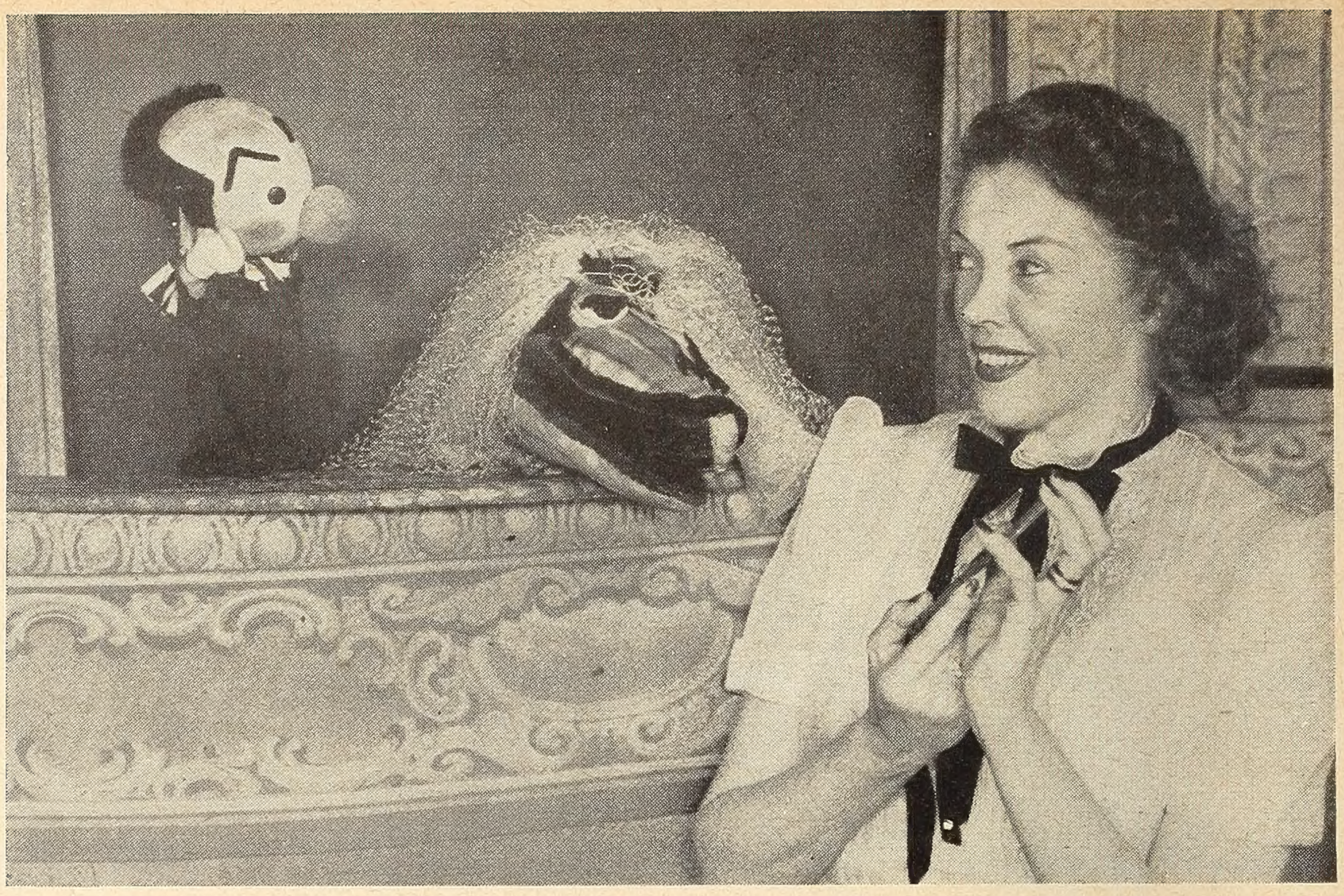
"My hands and face were chapped raw from the biting breeze. Fortunately, at home I had soothing, pure white Jergens Lotion. It smooths and softens chapped skin in no time!

"The wind atop Radio City was terrific. After extreme exposure like that, Jergens Lotion is a blessing. It works so wonderfully fast. Try this and see why! Smooth one hand with quickly absorbed Jergens . . .

"Apply any lotion or cream to the other, then wet them. Water won't bead on the hand smoothed with Jergens as it will with an oily care.

"Next day, my skin was soft and smooth — right for romance and close-ups." No wonder Hollywood stars choose Jergens Lotion 7 to 1.

Use Jergens Lotion regularly to keep *your* skin lovely, too. It protects against roughness and winter chap — costs only 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.



Fran and Kukla listen to the details of a wedding Ollie attended in Dragon Retreat, Vermont.

what's new from Coast

R **Johnny Desmond,** Sam Cowling and Don McNeill help
M Peggy Taylor sign contract to sing on the Breakfast Club.

WALTER WINCHELL is making his debut on television with a weekly news show seen coast to coast over ABC. The veteran reporter and columnist, recovered from his illness, faces the cameras every Sunday night, delivering the news in his rat-a-tat style. Winchell is still heard on radio Sunday nights, in his old time spot, on the same network, following his telecast by a few hours. So, if a big "flash" occurs between the two shows, he'll only be "scooping" himself.

Joan Davis' career really got a shot in the arm when NBC signed her for a television show of her own, starting Wednesday night, October 15, called I Married Joan. It's a weekly situation-comedy series, featuring Jim Backus, and filmed in Hollywood. Joan and her crew will have to work hard to build up a rating, because in most cities her show will be viewed opposite Arthur Godfrey's camera capers on CBS-TV.

The TV-Radio Workshop of the Ford Foundation has authorized $2,000,000 to un-

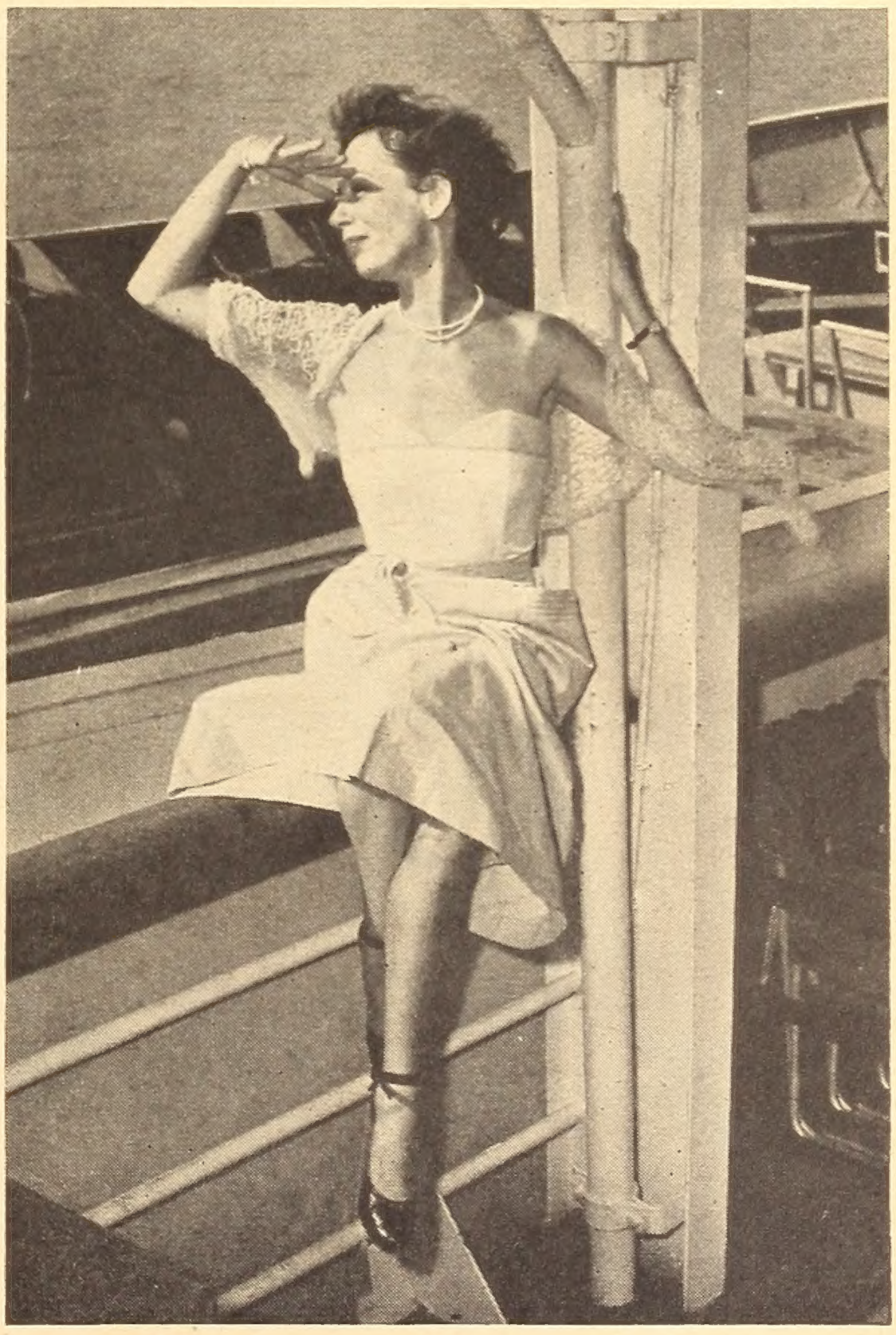
Joe E. Brown ran Talent Scouts while Godfrey was away.

Peter Lind Hayes and wife Mary Healy model aprons made at the Lighthouse for the Blind.

to Coast

BY Jill Warren

derwrite the cost of Omnibus, ninety-minute weekly television series beginning Sunday afternoon, November 9, over the CBS-TV network. Aimed at combining information with entertainment, Omnibus promises to be one of the largest and most ambitious series of programs in television history, and certainly one of the most expensive. Alistair Cooke, winner of this year's Peabody Radio Award for his broadcasts on the American scene, will serve as master of ceremonies. Within the hour-and-a-half show there will be five or more separate features, both live and filmed, with as much time alloted to each as is necessary for the most effective presentation. Omnibus will be written, directed and performed by the finest talent available, both here and abroad. Included on the series' varied schedule will be original plays by Maxwell Anderson; French ballet features now being photographed in Paris; a music series by Leopold Stokowski; several plays by poet-critic James Agee; and especially (*Continued on page* 15)



Imogene Coca of Your Show of Shows posed for the camera on return from Italy aboard the *Constitution.*

the Moore the merrier

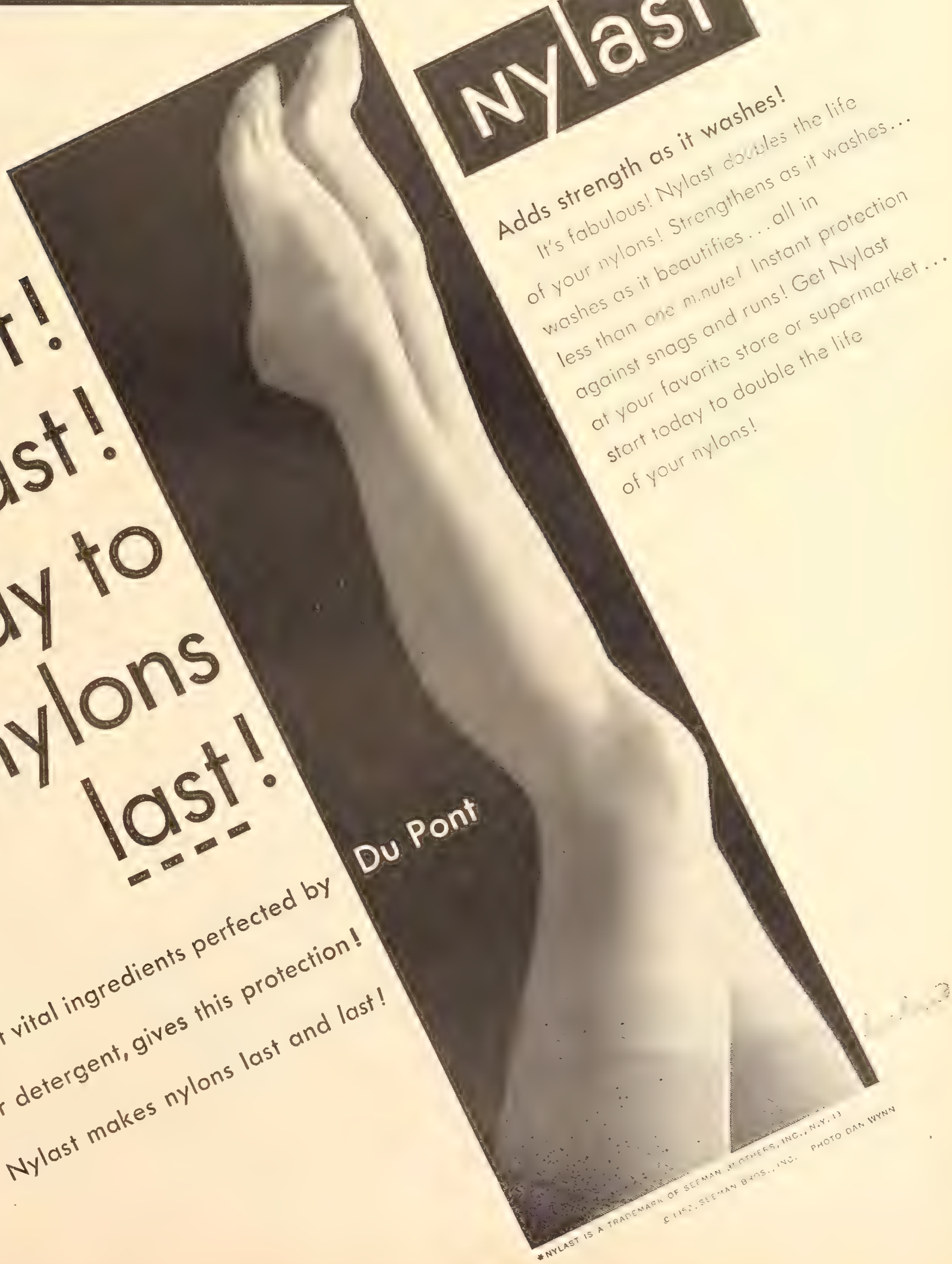
THE ONLY thing Hal and Eleanor Moore don't share a common enthusiasm for is gardening. As Hal puts it, "Most wives like to move furniture, but mine likes to move shrubs, and—natch—I have to do the dirty work." Other than that, the KYW deejay and his wife get along famously, sharing interests which have developed from their similar backgrounds in radio and entertainment, and working on various civic projects in their fast-growing suburban community of Broomall, outside Philadelphia.

Featured on the 2 P.M. Hal Moore Show daily and co-starred on the Answer Man program each evening at 6:25, Hal is a veteran of twenty-three years in radio. His start in radio was as a singer on a Denver station, but a year later he turned to announcing, and has remained on the talking side of the field. In 1934, Hal moved to New York as a CBS network announcer, and from 1938 to 1946—with time out for Army service in the South Pacific—he conducted his own morning program on WNEW. Eleanor, a former stage star with quite a few leads to her credit, had just been assigned to WNEW as the station's first woman announcer, and Hal was asked to teach her the ropes. She fell in love with her teacher, and a year later they were married.

The Moores have three children: Eleanor, eighteen, who attends William and Mary College; Melissa, twelve—both from a previous marriage—and Timmy, seven. Timmy takes after his parents in showmanship, and at present is a whiz at the piano. Between practice hours, though, he concentrates on being a "space cadet" replete with planetary uniform.

Leaders in community affairs, Hal and Ellie helped organize the new library, and Eleanor organized the Marple-Newton Parent-Teachers Association, serving for two years as its first president. Besides their activities in Broomall, Hal likes to work in the cellar woodshop and to go deep-sea fishing. Eleanor insists that he put in time gardening, too.

Ellie and Hal Moore hold pop and grandpa cockers in check—Timmy holds the baby.



at last! at last! a way to make nylons last!

Nylast vital ingredients perfected by Du Pont

No other product, soap or detergent, gives this protection!

Nylast makes nylons last and last!

Nylast*

Adds strength as it washes!

It's fabulous! Nylast *doubles* the life of your nylons! Strengthens as it washes... washes as it beautifies... all in less than *one minute!* Instant protection against snags and runs! Get Nylast at your favorite store or supermarket... start today to double the life of your nylons!

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"How could you see him again... in your own house, in front of your own child..?"

With those damning words her gaudy past came back to threaten all that mattered to her now!

UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL *presents*

LORETTA YOUNG
JEFF CHANDLER

in

"Because of You"

CO-STARRING

ALEX NICOL · FRANCES DEE

with ALEXANDER SCOURBY • Directed by JOSEPH PEVNEY • Screenplay by KETTI FRINGS

Produced by ALBERT J. COHEN • *Musical Theme, "Because Of You" by Arthur Hammerstein and Dudley Wilkinson*

ARE YOU a

by
Hazel Markel

MBS Women's News Commentator

WOMEN could determine the election results in 1952. Every politician in Washington knows that. Either party could win the presidency by attracting five million *new* women voters to the polls. And what's more, it's not at all improbable that either party will do just that. In the last presidential election at least twelve million married people did not vote. Political experts claim that voting records showed that it was the wife who stayed away from the polls. This means that millions of homes threw away half the family voting power. We must not let this happen again—there's too much at stake.

GOOD CITIZEN?

THIS little quiz is a test of your citizenship—answer Yes or No, and score yourself 5 for every Yes answer and 0 for every No answer.

1. Do you know the names of the presidential and vice-presidential candidates of both parties? ☐

2. Have you tried to gather information as to the backgrounds of each of the presidential candidates? ☐

3. Did you follow both conventions on your radio or TV set? ☐

4. Are you familiar with the platforms of the two major parties? ☐

5. Did you register so that you can vote on November 4? ☐

6. Do you know in what congressional district you live? ☐

7. Do you know the candidates running for Congress or state posts in your area? ☐

8. Do you vote in the primaries? ☐

9. Do you keep up with the latest developments in the campaigns by reading your newspaper every day, and following newscasts on radio and TV? ☐

10. Have you voted in every major election for which you were eligible? ☐

TOTAL

If you scored 40-50 points on the test, you are a *Star Spangled Patriot* . . . If you made 30-40 points you are a *Pretty Good Citizen.* . . . 20-30 points, it looks like you're a *Lazy Susan.* . . . And if you got below 20—*Are You A Hermit?*

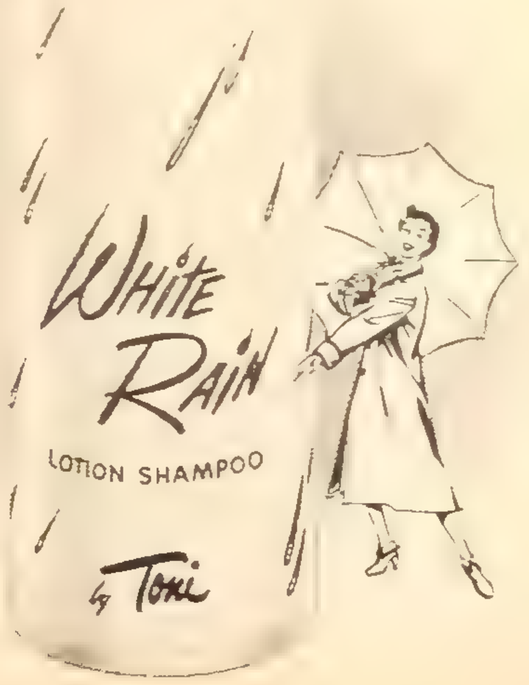
Remember there is still time to register—and get out on November 4 (even if you have to hire a baby-sitter) to cast your vote for the most important elected official in the world. Don't throw it away!

Use new *White Rain* shampoo tonight—tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!

It's like washing your hair in softest rain water! This new gentle lotion shampoo pampers your hair . . . leaves it soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, and so easy to care for!

CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS
CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

White Rain

Fabulous New **Lotion Shampoo** by Toni

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TViewers will probably be seeing a lot of Patti ("Tennessee Waltz") Page this winter—she scored a real hit on her summer program over CBS.

WHAT'S

As WINTER closes in with its wind, rain, sleet and snow—every place but in sunny California and fair Florida—time comes for cutting a rug or relaxing on the end of a weary spine, with a stack of discs spinning out soothing or stimulating sound in keeping with the mood. . . . Nancy Rogers of Baltimore, Maryland, is lucky enough to have won her phonograph in the RADIO-TV MIRROR Magazine Perry Como contest, and Frances Sowicz of Pennsburg, Pennsylvania, will be spinning a Perry Como album of TV favorites (which she won in the same contest) on the old machine. . . . There's one platter released this month which we hope tops all record sales—"La Rosita" and "I'm Through With Love"—not so much for the melodies as for the voice. The voice is really pleasant, and the man who owns the voice probably deserves as much recognition for his fine sensitivity and accomplishment as for his actual singing ability. The man is twenty-eight-year-old Sandy Solo, an amputee from World War II whose life once hung in the balance for fifteen days after an air crash in which two of his crew were killed. However, his courage never faltered. He started out to be a commercial artist but, when he lost both arms, he transferred his artistry to painting pictures in song. Incidentally, Sandy's the same boy you saw on Jackie Gleason's Cavalcade of Stars and heard with Meredith Willson on the old Canada Dry Show.

Talent and Tunes:

Georgia Gibbs is doing nip-ups over her "Kiss of Fire," which hit the one million mark for Mercury, and Frankie Laine's "Jealousy" for Columbia is his sixth record to hit that golden mark.

"Zing a Little Zong" is once again encouraging record companies to put out songs from motion pictures. It and "High Noon" have had tremendous success. "Zing" is from the new Crosby-Wyman "Just for You" picture and will probably be old hat by the time you hear it sung in the movie houses.

Speaking of movies, both Kathryn Grayson and Judy Garland have signed recording contracts. Judy's is with Capitol for two years and as yet no titles or release dates have been announced. Kathryn's is with Victor and her first will be an album from "The Desert Song." She was teamed with Gordon MacRae in the picture, but she'll record with Tony Martin on the discs.

Popular hits are as international as opera these days. Doris Day's "My Love and

SPINNING?

By CHRIS WILSON

Devotion" and "Make It Soon" are two songs which are already at the top of the French and English hit parades. "Make It Soon" in France carries the title, "The Wolf, the Fawn and the Hunter." Sarah Vaughn, also recording for Columbia, moves over to Italy for her inspiration and tunes. "Say You'll Wait for Me" and "Tormented Heart" are her "foreign" contributions.

The older the merrier—and financially more lucrative—it seems, this day in recording circles. Now, the 1905 "Merry Widow" operetta has been re-created by the romantic Fernando Lamas for an MGM album. Lamas plays Lana Turner's lover in the movie of the same name and his voice is as romantic as he looks.

Phil Brito, the golden-voiced baritone from Newark, New Jersey, can soon be "collected" in an album of old Neapolitan melodies. It's titled: "Come Back to Sorrento" and includes such top favorites as "Memories of Santa Lucia" and "O Sole Mio." Just the kind of music you'll like spinning when the snow begins to fall softly and sparkle like diamonds in the street light's reflection . . . and, you can say smugly, it's cold outside.

Two more show albums from Broadway are about to hit the record stalls. Original casts sing the scores from "New Faces of 1952" and "Wish You Were Here," recorded for Victor. From films comes the Victor album sung by Merv Griffin, of the tunes from John Wayne's "The Quiet Man." All are Irish and lovely, from the gentle "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen" to "Galway Bay." Another album, this one by MGM, is an edition of their Pop Parade which includes all the summer hits, practically—"Kiss of Fire," "Auf Wiedersehen, Sweetheart," "Once In a While," "Delicado," "Luna Rosa," "Half as Much," "High Noon" and "Vanessa."

Success Stories:

One of the wonderful things about today's recording artists is the fact that so many of them deserve the breaks that eventually come their way. Take—for instance—Guy Mitchell, who at one time was eking out a living singing a song or two for audition purposes, under the name of Al Grant. Guy recently had his magnificent moment of triumph when he appeared at the London Palladium Theatre and discovered he was not only a popular American singer, but that he was embraced by the hearts of the Londoners. . . . Frankie Laine is another boy who has known the hand of poverty on his shoulder. He lived on a cup of black coffee and a slice of bread for twenty-four hours, during which he tried to obtain a small loan—he got the loan and with it a small job at WINS in New York as a singer. With the five dollars he got for a week's work at the station, he was able to get a singing job in a small spaghetti house. This job paid him off in meals so that he could at least eat. Once Frankie gave up singing and took a job in a California defense plant—just as hundreds of others did during the war. However, with Frankie, he'd decided he was through with warbling as a way of earning a buck. Then he had the inspiration for a song, "It Only Happens Once," which Nat King Cole transcribed—and Frankie was once more back in the musical swing of things. Today, he lives quietly in Encino, California, with former motion picture actress Nan Grey and their two children. He can truly afford it, for—since

(*Continued on page* 101)

Rosemary Clooney and Dean Martin respond differently to the Lewis antics.

Lou Webster (center) interviews a farmer with a 160-acre place outside Boston.

the Farmer on the dial

WEEI's Editor of the Farm Journal.

THE FAMILY which produced Daniel and Noah Webster can take pride in the present generation of Websters growing up in New England. Its shining light in this generation didn't go to Washington or write a dictionary. He's harked back to one of the oldest and most honored professions—farming. The editor of the WEEI Farm Journal in Boston is one rural broadcaster who speaks with real authority.

Lou's no conventional farmer. He prepared for twentieth century agriculture by attending Massachusetts State College, where he got a sound background in scientific farming with good solid measures of biology, botany and geology thrown in. When he started in on his own, Lou tried apples as a crop and, while the trees were coming to bearing age, he supported his family by truck-farming asparagus, rhubarb, sweet corn, celery and spinach. In 1928 he went to the state legislature and later combined his farming with official duties in the Department of Agriculture. He was named Director of the Commonwealth's Division of Markets in 1939 and, during the war, also served as Acting Commissioner of Agriculture.

You have to come from a long line of sturdy Yanks to put in the sort of working day which is customary with Lou. His daily broadcast over WEEI begins at 5:30 A.M. Since he lives forty miles from Boston in Blackstone, that means getting up *really* early. And, when the program is over, there is another one to prepare for, plus a full day's work as Director of Markets, and last—but far from least—the overseeing of his truck farm.

The great popularity of the Farm Journal is entirely credited to Lou Webster, who brings his knowledge as a practical working farmer to his listeners in a clear, down-to-earth way. The Farm Journal, with Lou at the "city desk" looks forward to a long future in New England radio.

What's New from Coast to Coast

(*Continued from page 7*)

edited films by the New York Zoological Society and the American Museum of Natural History. All in all, it should prove to be a wonderful project. And oh, yes, the best part—the program's producers have promised that no feature within the show will be interrupted by any commercial messages.

Meet Corliss Archer is back on radio, over ABC, after a summer vacation. This season, the show is heard on a new day, Friday, and in a new time period. Janet Waldo returns as Corliss, along with her long-suffering parents, played by Irene Tedrow and Fred Shields. And of course Dexter Franklin, the scatter-brained high-school sweetheart, portrayed by Sam Edwards, is among those present.

Remember the TV show Fairmeadows, U.S.A., all about the Olcott Family, which went off the air last year? Well, the Olcotts are back before the cameras, but under a new title, A House In The Garden. They're holding down a quarter-hour of the Kate Smith daytime show, Monday through Fridays, over NBC. This is the first time an hour television program has included a fifteen-minute sketch done as a serialized drama. A House In The Garden has a continuing story line, revolving around the Olcott Family. The cast includes such well-known radio and television performers as Ruth Matteson, Lauren Gilbert, Tom Taylor, Monica Lovett and Mildred Strongin.

Speaking of daytime serials, NBC has planned a solid hour of dramatic serials on television, to be called Hometown. The plan is to present four different fifteen-minute stories, to be told within the framework of one permanent setting. The action of all plots will revolve around an active town and, though each story will be complete within itself, many of the same sets and characters will be used in each. The show debuts some time this fall. NBC technicians have already built the Hometown village in their Brooklyn, New York, studios.

Since the fabulous success of I Love Lucy, most of the big stars have insisted their television shows be on film. Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard are the latest personalities to make their TV bows and —you guessed it—The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet will be filmed in Hollywood. Their new show, complete with new sponsor, is seen Friday nights over ABC. The Nelsons' radio program is also heard on Friday nights, but it is recorded. Ozzie and Harriet found it necessary to do their air show on tape because of the heavy school schedules of their sons, Ricky and David, who appear with them. Incidentally, David, who is fifteen, is attending Hollywood High School and is hoping like mad to make the football team this year.

Don't look now, but here comes another television quiz program. It's the old show, Double or Nothing, done up in new dress for the camera, and it's heard on the CBS network, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. And who is the emcee? Just about the busiest one in the business —Bert Parks.

After negotiations and meetings which have been going on for months, Bing Crosby finally said a big "No" to television, at least until 1953. The crooner, who originally had demanded that any video appearances he made must be on film,

"You'll be prettier... if you make a clean start!" says Piper Laurie

clean deeper with Woodbury Cold Cream

"You may look lovely Saturday, but don't save that face for Sunday...stale make-up spoils a pretty face!" Piper Laurie warns. And while ordinary cleansing doesn't get to the bottom of yesterday's make-up and grime, Woodbury Cold Cream, with *Penaten* does!

Penaten works the magic

Penaten, a marvelous new ingredient in Woodbury Cold Cream, carries the rich cleansing and softening oils in Woodbury deeper into pore openings. Your cleansing tissue will prove how much more dirt you remove. Feel your skin; it's softer!

you'll look your loveliest

"Your make-up looks loveliest when you start with a clean face," says Piper Laurie, star of "SON OF ALI BABA", a U-I Picture, Color by Technicolor. Try Woodbury Cold Cream, with *Penaten*, 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.

What's New

decided he wouldn't tackle TV this year, after contemplating his professional schedule. With thirty-nine radio shows, two movies, and his regular recording commitments, he decided he'd be spreading himself too thin. Crosby had the added problem of taping many of his programs in advance, in order to be in Europe late this fall for shooting on his new picture for Paramount.

This 'n' That:

Fred Allen, who was stricken ill before his new show, Two For The Money, was to start, is still on the recuperating list, and his many friends and fans are wishing him a speedy recovery. Jack Paar and Herb Shriner had been neck and neck in the running to replace Allen in the laugh-quiz, but Shriner won out. This program, by the way, is being done both on radio and television, simulcast Tuesday nights over NBC.

Songstress Barbara Benson, whom you've heard on the Sammy Kaye broadcasts, has given it all up to marry St. Louis shoe executive Jerry Potashnick.

Dick Haymes was all booked for a long concert tour of Great Britain and the Continent, and just about to leave, when Uncle Sam stepped in and said "not yet." It seems the singer owes Mr. Whiskers a sizable amount in back income taxes and he will not be allowed to leave the country until the money is paid. So Haymes has settled down to making transcriptions and recordings and will work in radio and television until he can square himself away.

Long-time listeners of the Aunt Jenny program will be saddened to learn of the passing of Edith Spencer. Edith originated the role many years ago and played it continually until she was forced to give up radio work entirely about two years ago. At that time she began to lose her sight, and was totally blind when she died from a tragic illness.

Robert Q. Lewis was so successful playing Charley s Aunt this past summer on the straw-hat circuit that he has had offers to repeat the show this fall for a Canadian tour. Bob probably will have to turn it down because of his many commitments, but rumors have it that he might land the lead in a new Broadway musical. Pretty good for the boy who started out as an unknown disc jockey on a small New York station.

Frank Sinatra's proposed radio and television deal with NBC fell flat and Frank did not sign a contract with the network. Except for guest appearances now and then, Sinatra will not be heard regularly this fall. But "The Voice" is keeping busy making records and playing night-club and hotel supper-room engagements around the country. Meanwhile there is talk that his bride, Ava Gardner, may go to Europe to make two or three movies for MGM and, if this happens, you can be sure Frankie will go along.

Carlton E. Morse, creator and producer of the One Man's Family program, says he's glad the stork finally delivered another "child" to the radio family. Morse received a barrage of fan letters from listeners begging him to have the baby a girl, and of course he knew all the time it was going to be a boy. He says he had no idea that the "first great grandchild" of Henry and Fanny Barbour would cause such a furor.

from Coast to Coast

Jack Carson has postponed his new NBC-TV series until after the first of the year, because of making a movie for MGM. He will cavort with Esther Williams and Fernando Lamas in a little thing called "Dangerous When Wet." By the way, Carson and his long-time sweetheart, actress Lola Albright, finally became Mr. and Mrs.

Dennis James has been taking plenty of ribbing from friends when he tries to explain how he got that nasty scar on his right forehead. Dennis had moved into his new home in New Rochelle, New York, and was trying to open his garage door—one of those fancy ones that spring up. It conked him on the bean, and Mr. James ended up with eighteen stitches in his head.

Peggy Lee made a lot of girl singers unhappy when she landed the co-starring role with Danny Thomas in the Warner Bros. movie, "The Jazz Singer." And it's a wonderful break for Peggy. But, fellas, what's all this about "fixing" Peggy's teeth before production starts? Cameramen haven't noticed anything wrong with her choppers while she's been doing television all this time.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Kay Kyser, whose Kollege of Musical Knowledge was such a popular show at one time? Kay has not been doing much in the entertainment field recently, mainly because of his health. For a time it was rumored he was going into politics, but nothing ever came of it. Kyser and his wife, the former model, Georgia Carroll, and their children, still reside in California.

Harry Babbitt, the singer who became popular with the old Kyser band and later went on to become a solo entertainer? Harry has been centering his activities in Hollywood, making records and appearing on television and radio. He was temporarily incapacitated for a while, due to illness, but now is completely recovered.

Jack Owens, the former "cruising crooner" of the Breakfast Club show? Jack was replaced on the Don McNeill program by Johnny Desmond, and left Chicago to settle in Hollywood. For a while he had his own television show on a local station there, and since has been playing piano and singing in night clubs and hotels in and around Los Angeles.

David Street, the singer who appeared on Jerry Lester's Broadway Open House program? David had his own TV show in New York for a while, and made several records. He recently left Manhattan to return to Hollywood with his actress-wife, Mary Beth Hughes. They both prefer living in California, and plan to pursue their careers on the Coast from now on.

These are some of the personalities readers have inquired about. If you have wondered what happened to one of your favorite people on radio or television, drop me a line—Jill Warren, RADIO-TV MIRROR Magazine, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City 17, New York, and I'll do my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Sorry, no personal answers.

(NOTE: *On all shows, both radio and television, be sure to check your local papers for time, station and channel.*)

Only Suave makes hair obey... new soft way!

"Sparkles" the hair
—controls it with miracle Curtisol

Now... try the *only* hairdressing that makes hair obey the new *soft* way... With miracle Curtisol—so amazingly light, so penetrating it *never* leaves oily "after-film"! Just a few delicate drops of Suave "sparkles" hair, prevents dryness and split ends, frizziness after a permanent. Gives you "easy-do" hair instantly. Even after shampoo! No wonder women prefer Suave 5 to 1.

ENDS DRY HAIR WORRIES
... NO OILY "AFTER-FILM"

Recommended by beauty experts everywhere. In two forms—liquid, or new "solid" Suave Creme Hairdressing. At beauty salons, cosmetic and drug counters.

NOW! MEN'S SUAVE, TOO!

CREME 60¢ LIQUID 50¢ – $1

created by Helene Curtis foremost name in hair beauty

Information Booth

Ask your questions—
we'll try to find the answers

Stella Dallas

Dear Editor:

Would you please print a picture of Anne Elstner, the actress who plays Stella Dallas on the radio?

S. W., Boise, Idaho

Anne Elstner, Stella Dallas in the radio serial of that name, was born in St. Charles, Louisiana. Her father was a poet and her mother a musician. Anne has been an actress most of her life—her first professional appearance was in her own song-and-dance creation, "The Yama Yama Man," when she was twelve. Later she was a leading light in school dramatic activities, and got her start in New York as an understudy for Eva LeGallienne. Miss Elstner has been doing radio work about as long as there has been any radio. Married to Jack Matthews, Anne and her husband own a farm in New Jersey. She insists that the commuting is worthwhile because being able to live in the country is compensation enough for the three-hour ride each day on the train.

Ned's Anthony

Dear Editor:

Could you please give me some information about the man who takes the part of Dr. Anthony Loring on the serial, Young Widder Brown?

C. F., Omaha, Nebr.

Ned Wever's father wanted him to be a lawyer, but the actor who portrays Anthony Loring was determined from the time he was eight years old that he would only be happy on the stage. At Princeton University, Ned joined the Triangle Club and became its president in his senior year. He wrote the book and lyrics for the annual show, "They Never Come Back." Wever got his first professional experience in stock at fifty cents a performance. His first Broadway appearance in "The Fan" attracted the attention of Belasco and he soon was playing in the producer's vehicle, "The Merchant of Venice." Ned followed this up with a long record of Broadway leads. In 1929 he took a try at radio, and has been playing radio leads ever since—he has been heard as Anthony Loring since 1940.

Doctor's Wife

Dear Editor:

Can you please give me some information about the actress who plays the part of Julie on The Doctor's Wife?

R. F., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Pat Wheel, Julie on the NBC serial, is just twenty-four years old, but she has an impressive list of radio, television and theatre credits. The Manhattan-born daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Wheel comes from a talented family. Her sister Alice is a successful writer and sister Leslie, a noted stage manager. Pat attended the Hunter Model School, spent summer vacations in Europe and completed high school at St. Agatha's in New York. At fifteen, the slender dark-eyed girl won a dramatic scholarship and joined a summer stock company on Long Island. After a number of stock engagements, Pat toured the South Pacific in 1944 with the USO, and did a series for the American Theatre Wing hospital shows and the National War Fund. When the war ended, Pat appeared as Roxanne in Jose Ferrer's "Cyrano De Bergerac" on Broadway. Since 1950, most of Pat's efforts have been directed towards radio and TV. A confirmed New Yorker, she lives alone in a midtown apartment near Radio City.

Dr. Carter

Dear Editor:

Who plays the part of Dr. Carter on the daytime program, Rosemary?

E. L., Brasher Falls, N. Y.

Horace Braham portrays Dr. Jim Carter. Mr. Braham, who was born in England, is well known around town for his great generosity. One of his pet projects is teaching disabled veterans to lead useful, constructive lives.

Anne Elstner

Ned Wever

Patricia Wheel

Another Doctor

Dear Editor:

Can you please tell me if the man who plays Dr. Ricky Browning on Hilltop House is the same man who plays Dr. Steve Wayne on Rosemary? I'm sure it's the same voice.

R. C., Hewlett, L. I.

You have a good ear for voices, Bob Reddick plays both parts.

Where's Bill

Dear Editor:

I am a loyal fan of singer Bill Lawrence, and wonder what he is doing since he left the Godfrey show to go into the Army. Can you tell me if he is out of the Army yet?

J. S., Pittsfield, Mass.

All of Bill's fans are asking the same question. Yes, Bill is out of the Army—received a medical discharge, but is not quite strong enough to return to an active role in TV yet. He has appeared as a guest on a few shows, but there's nothing scheduled for a regular spot up to date.

Beulah's Beau

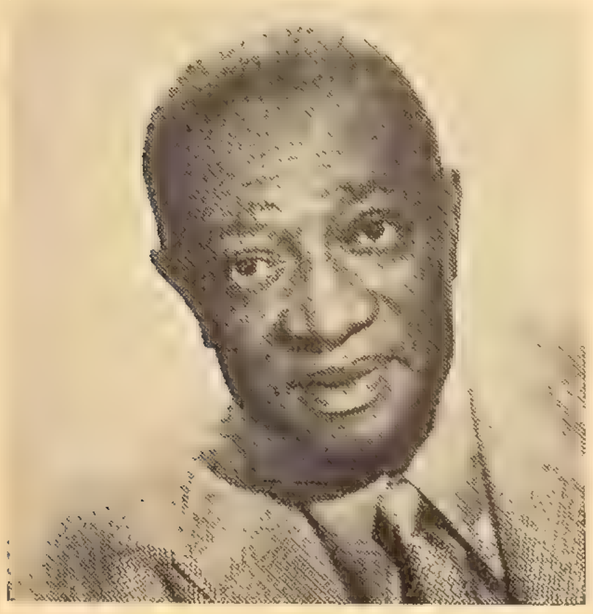
Dear Editor:

Could you tell me something about the man who plays Beulah's boy friend Bill on the radio show?

Z. R., Dover, N. J.

Ernest Whitman, the Oklahoman who plays Bill, entered show-biz at the age of sixteen when he traveled with tent shows. A graduate of Tuskegee University, Ernest excelled in football and basketball while at college. In real life, he is married and has two children. Movie credits include "Gone With the Wind."

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, RADIO-TV MIRROR, *205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.*



Ernest Whitman

1 **TAKE A GOOD LOOK.** This fragrant liquid-saturated pad is called the 5-Day Deodorant Pad and it is fast *revolutionizing* America's deodorant habits.

2 **YOU WIPE UNDERARM,** then throw pad away. Liquid in pad applies itself as no cream or spray can. No trickle! No sticky feeling or messy fingers.

EASIEST WAY EVER CREATED TO STOP UNDERARM PERSPIRATION AND ODOR!

And... 8 times more effective!

Once in a blue moon something comes along that is so much better than anything yet invented for the purpose that it sweeps the nation overnight.

Like home permanents . . . shift-free driving . . . soapless detergents. And . . .

Like 5-Day Deodorant Pads. Actually *8 times* more effective in destroying odor-forming bacteria than the average of leading brands tested.

Women are literally *raving* about this new way of checking perspiration and odor. And they're deserting their old deodorants in droves.

An *overwhelming* percentage of women—and men too—who try 5-Day come back for more. Your cosmetician and druggist will tell you they've never seen anything quite like this happen before.

We've made it very easy for you to try this new wonder-deodorant. We'll *give* you a month's supply *absolutely free!* That's how sure *we* are that *you,* too, will say . . . "At last! . . . this is what I've been waiting for!" Just send the coupon below.

5-Day Deodorant Pads are available at all drug and cosmetic counters.

5-day deodorant pads

Please, madame, try 5-Day Pads at our expense! We want to send you a month's supply . . . FREE

5-DAY LABORATORIES, BOX #1001
DEPT. RA-11, NEW YORK 1, NEW YORK

Enclosed find 10¢ to help cover cost of postage and handling.

NAME . . . . . .

ADDRESS . . . . . .

CITY . . . . . .ZONE . . .STATE . . . . .

OFFER EXPIRES IN 60 DAYS

Save on cosmetic taxes! Instead of usual 20% tax on other deodorants, pay only . . 2¢ on 25¢ size . . 4¢ on 59¢ size . . 5¢ on $1.00 size

Daytime diary

AUNT JENNY Littleton is a small American town, strictly average. But Aunt Jenny never stops being surprised at the amount of emotional activity that goes on behind the placid-looking housefronts along the quiet streets. Every week or two she has another story to tell about her Littleton neighbors, a story of love or hate, jealousy or fear, foolishness or wisdom—a story that might be hidden forever if she didn't bring it to light. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Mary Noble and her matinee-idol husband Larry have weathered the crisis engineered by Rupert Barlow, and their reconciliation is complete. But a new threat to their happiness presents itself as Larry's leading lady, Judith Venable, makes no secret of her romantic interest in him. Because of the success of their play, Larry is reluctant to break with Judith. But will her pursuit of him upset his marriage again? M-F, 4 P.M. EST, NBC.

BIG SISTER A drastic rearrangement in Ruth Wayne's life follows the decision of her husband, Dr. John Wayne, to enter a sanitarium for psychiatric help with the personal problems he knows he can no longer handle alone. What will happen as John really begins to face the issues he has been avoiding? And how will Ruth handle her unavoidable new association with young Dr. Marlowe, who is so dangerously fond of her? M-F, 1 P.M. EST, CBS.

BRIGHTER DAY Through Althea's illness, the Dennis family embarks on a whole new way of life. What will New York mean to Grayling's career, to Patty's studies, to the Reverend Dennis himself? And how will the strong personality of Dr. Robert Cunningham affect Althea, apart from his treatment of her paralysis? For Dr. Cunningham himself, an adventure begins as young Dr. Tom Gordon arrives to study under him. M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST, CBS. M-F, 9:45 A.M. EST, NBC.

DOCTOR'S WIFE Julie Palmer stands staunchly behind her husband, young Dr. Dan Palmer, in the courageous stand he took against rich Mrs. Irwin's undemocratic demands. But as a result the hospital will not have its new wing, and Mrs. Irwin has taken her money elsewhere. Will this have an increasingly bad effect on Dan's career, which was going along so well? Or has he enough friends in town to rally to his support? M-F, 5:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL Five people, apparently strangers, stop overnight at an isolated motor court, and before the night is over one of them is murdered. With mysterious death of mystery writer Dennis Chase, ace reporter David Farrell steps into one of his most baffling cases. Were the five travelers really strangers? When David discovers their true relationship, he knows he holds the key to "The Tourist Cabin Murder Case." M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT Kathy Roberts' roommate, singer Alice Graham, has a knack for coincidence. Called in by her old agent and flame, Sid Harper, when Sid's wife is forced to take a sick leave from her TV show, Alice is delighted at the career break. But the agency man on the show is Bill Bauer, brother of Kathy's stepmother, Meta. Alice's shrewd hands begin to pick up the strings and twist them into a pattern advantageous to herself. M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST, CBS. M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, CBS-TV.

HILLTOP HOUSE Julie Paterno, supervisor of the Glendale orphanage, Hilltop House, is an expert when it comes to dealing with children. All kinds of children have been improved by her intuitive handling. But it is not quite so easy for her to deal with the two grown men who are causing trouble for her of late. Between them, Reed Nixon and Dr. Ricky Browning are having an unsettling effect on Julie's well-organized life. M-F, 3 P.M. EST, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL In spite of danger to himself and his daughter Nancy, Bill Davidson manages to prove the truth about Amy Brooks, and to clear the way for her marriage to Ralph Chadwick. But the consequences are so severe that for once Bill may have cause to regret his efforts to bring happiness to others, for Nancy's life is imperiled by a vindictive girl who wanted Ralph for herself. What anxious moments lie ahead for Bill? M-F, 5 P.M. EST, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Chichi suffers a terrible shock when Dr. Markham tells her that unless her beloved Papa David starts taking things very easy indeed, his heart may give out. Papa David has his own very definite ideas about what is or isn't good for him, and Chichi is frantic when his big plans for the Book Shop start using up more energy than she thinks he can spare. Is Dr. Markham right—or is Papa David smarter about himself than anyone else could be? M-F, 3 P.M. EST, NBC.

LORENZO JONES Distraught and frightened, Belle Jones finds her way to New York in search of Lorenzo, and finally takes a job with theatrical producer Verne Massey while she continues the frustrating search for her missing husband. Lorenzo, meanwhile, his memory of the past wiped out by a bullet wound, has adopted a new identity and found a job in Canada. What does the future hold for Belle and Lorenzo? M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

MA PERKINS Well, many things have resulted from the divorce trial of Pendleton vs. Pendleton, not the least of which is what happened to the Pendletons' daughter Gladys. Renewing an old friendship with lawyer Blair Buchanan, Gladys found it surprisingly easy to say yes when Blair proposed marriage. Is she doing the right thing? She and Blair like each other, they have the same background . . . But what about Ma's boy Joseph? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY The blood-stained figure of a girl who mysteriously appears and disappears in the old water-mill near Black Swan Hall leads Sunday Brinthrope into a strange, terrifying adventure. For Sunday and her husband, Lord Henry, the episode is made more harrowing by the presence of Dr. Craig Norwood, who recently told Sunday he would always love her. How does Craig's wife June feel about this? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY The Youngs wonder ruefully if there is a season for matrimonial disturbances. as Pepper's and Peggy's marriages develop snags at just the same time. During Pepper's long illness, he unconsciously revealed some hidden thoughts which have deeply shaken his wife, Linda. As for Peggy, her mother-in-law seems bent on causing trouble, and Ivy Trent is a talented trouble-maker when she wants to be. M-F. 3:30 P.M. EST. CBS.

PERRY MASON The Blazing Heart is a ruby; the Friendly Hearts are a club. And the connection between them—the sinister connection—is something that might have eluded Perry Mason for even longer than it did if a distracted girl hadn't happened to make a slip of the tongue. Is it the break Perry has been waiting for, when he hears Ruth Davis say "Friendly Heart?" Is she talking about the jewel—or something else? M-F. 2:15 P.M. EST. CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS After what her husband, Miles Nelson, has endured during his term as governor, Carolyn would be almost happy to have him relieved of his responsibilities—but not under the circumstances which are being prepared for him by his hard-working enemies. To save Miles's reputation Carolyn has risked a great deal, perhaps even her life. Will Miles understand, and honor her for it? M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST. NBC.

What are these women doing that is so New... so Smart... so Wonderful?

They're using
Helene Curtis Spray Net—
the magic mist that keeps
hair softly in place, looking
naturally lovely. That's right—*naturally* lovely!

it's the most exciting thing that's happened to hair!

You're in for a wonderful surprise when you use Spray Net.
For amazing new Spray Net holds your hair-do as you want it.
Without stickiness. Without that "varnished" look. And Spray Net
is so easy to use! Just spray it on, lightly. This magic mist
holds waves in place, makes loose curls and
stray wisps behave, keeps your hair-do looking
naturally lovely, even in wet or windy weather.
It's colorless, greaseless, harmless. Brushes out
instantly. Protect the loveliness of your hair
with new, smart, wonderful Spray Net!

Helene Curtis
spray net

"the magic mist that keeps hair softly in place"

Spray Net Works Wonders! Use It!

- After combing, to keep hair "just so"
- To control wispy ends and unruly hair
- To avoid "damp-day droop"
- To avoid "wind-blown wildness"
- After permanents, to control waves and curls

There's only one SPRAY NET! It's made by HELENE CURTIS, the foremost name in hair beauty

New! COLGATE Chlorophyll Toothpaste DESTROYS BAD BREATH

Originating in the Mouth.

Here is the magic power of chlorophyll to destroy bad breath originating in the mouth! Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste in most cases acts *quickly* . . . acts *thoroughly* . . . and the purifying action *lasts for hours!* Keeps your breath sweet and fresh *longer!*

Now! The Full Benefits of a Chlorophyll*Toothpaste in a New, Exclusive Colgate Formula!

Now Colgate brings you wonder-working chlorophyll in the finest chlorophyll toothpaste that 146 years of experience can create . . . Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste!

How Colgate Makes Chlorophyll Work For You!

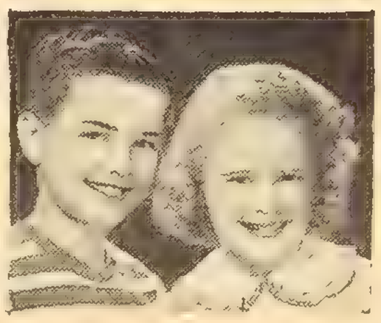
Nature herself makes chlorophyll and puts it in all green plants to enable them to live and grow. But science must break down this natural chlorophyll into a usable, effective form (*water-soluble chlorophyllins*)—before it can help you against bad breath, tooth decay, common gum disorders.

That's why Colgate's experience and skill in creating an exclusive formula is important to you. In Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste you get the benefits of these water-soluble chlorophyllins in a safe, pleasant form!

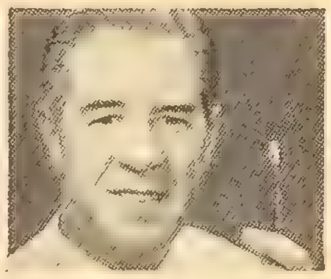
For *real help* against bad breath originating in the mouth . . . . common gum disorders . . . tooth decay . . . use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste after eating. It's the *finest chlorophyll toothpaste* the world's largest maker of quality dentifrices can produce!

Fights Tooth Decay!

Every time you use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste—especially right after eating—you act against the destructive acids that are a cause of tooth decay . . . . actually help retard their formation!



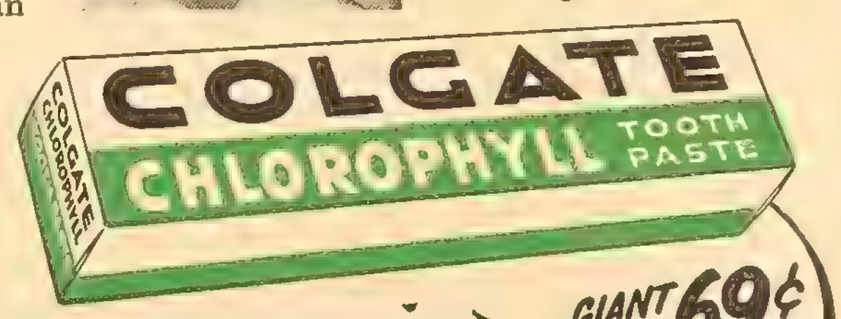
Checks Common Gum Disorders!



Tests show chlorophyll promotes healthy gum tissues. New Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste brings you the effective benefits of chlorophyll to help you care for sore, tender gums.

Colgate's Guarantee:

Try Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste for one week. If you're not satisfied that it's the most effective, pleasantest chlorophyll toothpaste you've ever tried, send back the tube and Colgate will give you *double your money back, plus postage!* Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, 105 Hudson Street, Jersey City 2, N. J.



*Contains water-soluble chlorophyllins.

GIANT SIZE 69¢
LARGE SIZE 43¢

Tested And Guaranteed by COLGATE!

Daytime

ROAD OF LIFE With the arrival in Merrimac of Conrad Overton's brother Malcolm, it is no longer possible for Overton to continue the perilous financial juggling that has kept the truth about his affairs from coming to light. But Dr. Jim Brent's triumph over Overton will be hollow indeed, if anything happens to Jocelyn as a result of it. Will the truth about Jocelyn's illness be discovered in time? M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Helen Trent, Hollywood gown designer, stands at the threshold of a tremendous career opportunity when she is asked to design all the costumes for an important new documentary production. But there may be another important factor in this new job—a factor that may detract from its appeal for Helen. The producer, Kelcey Spenser, is obviously much interested in her. Does she return his interest? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

ROSEMARY What will the return to Springdale mean to Rosemary and Bill Roberts? At first Rosemary thought that coming home, with all the New York trouble behind them, would be enough to ensure their happiness. But will the town be kind to Bill? Or will Duffy, about whom Bill knows too much, see to it that Bill and Rosemary have to fight hard for the security and peace of mind they so desperately need? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON Terry's sister-in-law, Marcia, has the world's worst luck with men. Her dead husband was a ne'er-do-well, and Michael Dalton, manager of the Burton store, has turned out to be a shady character too. But Michael's duplicity will have repercussions on others beside Marcia. What of Stan and Terry, who are so desperately in need of money because of Stan's illness? What further trouble will Michael Dalton cause them? M-F, 2 P.M. EST, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS All the complications in Jared Sloane's life are cleared up when Eric Tyler is revealed as a murderer, and Stella is delighted when Jared marries Emily Calvert. Now Stella turns to a problem of her own as Louise Grosvenor, to whose son Stella's daughter Laurel is married, starts causing trouble again. One of the most exciting emotional episodes of Stella's life lies ahead. Where will it lead her? M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Poor, frightened Jane Thompson, the phone operator whose story almost clinched a murder charge against Nora Drake, has no way of knowing in how much danger she herself stands. Dan Layman is a much more

Diary

dangerous associate than Jane realizes. Does he hold the key to Peg Martinson's death—the death Nora is sure was not murder? Will it be through Layman that Nora convinces the police and saves herself? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST CBS.

WENDY WARREN With the full flowering of her love for Mark, Wendy knows the greatest happiness of her life—happiness she waited a long time to achieve. Have she and Mark waited too long? Are they both so set in their own ways that they may have a little trouble in seeing eye to eye on their problems? And will the drama involving Wendy's boss affect them in some vital way? M-F, 12 Noon EST, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Joan Davis' husband and friends are stunned at the news of the accident in which she and Donald Brady are supposed to have died. In a sense Joan feels she has died, for the weird adventure in which she has been snared has altered her so much that she has literally become a different person physically. Will she ever find her way back to those who love her? Would they accept her if she did? M-F, 10:45 A.M. EST, ABC.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE Jeff Carter wonders ruefully if he is fated to spend the rest of his life as a buffer between the generations, as his pretty sister Sandy gets into a situation his father thinks she should have avoided. Dispensing advice to both sides, Jeff toys with the idea of going out and doing something that will permanently ruin his reputation for dependable good sense. But he probably won't. . . . M-F, 4:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Is Sam Williams a fool to turn the other cheek—by going back to work at the Springfield plant to hold it together while Ray Gillette is seriously ill? Remembering Gillette's cruelty to Sam, and the flimsy pretext on which he finally fired him, Anne Malone is glad Sam makes his own decision, for she would have found it impossible to advise him. But what about Sam's son Gene, whose whole life was disrupted when Sam was fired? M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, CBS. M-F, 9:30 A.M. EST, NBC.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Ellen Brown and Dr. Anthony Loring are reestablishing their wonderful relationship in spite of the strain imposed by Anthony's neurotic wife Ruth, who made a sudden appearance in Simpsonville with her brother, Conrad Phillips. Even if Anthony cannot prove the long-ago annulment of his marriage to Ruth, Ellen believes they will find some way out. But has she underestimated the forces working against her? M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

condition even "difficult" hair to *Glorious* natural radiance!

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shampoo plus egg*

Give your hair and scalp beautifying benefits you simply cannot get from other shampoos—billowy rich lather that cleanses completely, removes loose dandruff; PLUS the unique hair-conditioning action of fresh, whole egg—Nature's own beauty blessing known to generations of glamor-wise women. Ask for Helene Curtis Shampoo Plus Egg at your beauty salon, cosmetic or drug counter. 59c and $1.00.

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FREE—Conditioning Creme Rinse *with Lanolin*, when you purchase Helene Curtis Shampoo Plus Egg!

4 oz. Shampoo Plus Egg,
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Regularly 89c
BOTH ONLY 59¢

8 oz. Shampoo Plus Egg,
4 oz. Creme Rinse—
Regularly $1.59
BOTH ONLY $1.00

*2¢

Window-shopping de luxe

NANCY DIXON of Station WTOP in the nation's capital spends most of her time shopping. Funny thing is, Nancy doesn't buy anything, and gets paid for her efforts. The situation may sound a little peculiar, but not if the facts are known. It's all very simple—Nancy runs a program called What's News in the Stores. And how would Nancy know what's news if she didn't go shopping every day? There are four large department stores in Washington and Nan is a familiar figure in all of them. She just roams around . . . in and out of stockrooms—she's permitted to browse freely in these "no admittance" places—and in the departments themselves. Nan stops only when she sees something that catches her eye, and the "something" could be anything from a mattress cover to a pair of babypants—only qualification being that Washington's housewives might be able to use it.

Since Nancy is not sponsored by the stores, she is at liberty to choose only what she considers genuinely worthwhile. And each piece of merchandise Nan singles out for scrutiny has to pass pretty vigorous tests before she will give it mention on her program. She turns the item inside-out and upside-down, if it's marked unbreakable, Nan will drop it on the floor; if it says "greatly reduced," Nan will make sure she knows how much of a reduction there really is. Because of her careful examination of products and excellent taste, Washington women believe what she says—and when she tells them of a particularly good value, the store which carries the item will often find themselves without one of them in stock after Nancy's listeners start buying it up.

The prerequisite for the kind of job Nancy Dixon does is to be able to occupy a lot of different pairs of shoes. She has to imagine herself as a housewife, homemaker, business woman, and vacationer—and lots of times as a child, too. The other essentials are to have a winning personality—and a good strong, healthy pair of feet. Recently, someone asked her how far she had walked that week. "Oh, about fifteen miles," she replied. "Why?"

WTOP's Nancy Dixon gives the once-over to some tot dresses.

DISTINCTIVE_

with a truly different
flavor and aroma—
extra-mild FATIMA
continues to grow in
favor among King-Size
cigarette smokers
everywhere

YOU GET an extra-mild and soothing smoke
—*plus* the added protection of

FATIMA QUALITY

Copyright 1952, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

"ah-h! my Ivory Bath it's a pleasure... pure pleasure!"

Yes, Ivory makes richer lather . . . faster!

It's no effort . . . just a pleasure . . . to lather up with Ivory! You barely *touch* your washcloth to that husky cake . . . and presto! . . . you've got heaps of the richest, sudsiest suds that ever filled a tub! For Ivory makes *more* lather, *faster*, than any other leading bath soap.

And Ivory makes the mildest, most refreshing lather

Soothing is the word for silky Ivory suds—they *baby* your skin *so* delightfully! Why, Ivory is the most famous soap in the world for mildness—more doctors advise it for skin care than any other soap. And you'll find the clean, fresh smell of Ivory lather an added pleasure—so refreshing!

Yet famous Ivory actually costs you less!

Would you ever guess that you pay *less* for pure, mild, wonderful floating Ivory Soap? You do! Ivory gives you more soap for your money than any other leading bath soap!

99 44/100% pure ... **it Floats**

"The whole family agrees on Ivory!"

America's Favorite Bath Soap!

Barbara and I have faced many decisions—none more important than those concerning our children.

YOU CAN LEARN A LOT FROM LIVING

by Ralph Edwards

THE THREE youngsters in our house aren't the only ones learning about life. They have two adults, Barbara and me, trudging right along with them! And maybe trudging isn't the word, because at times we have to run to keep up with them. A conversation with our children is often as full of surprises as the human idiosyncrasies which crop up on either Truth or Consequences or our TV offerings, The Ralph Edwards Show and This Is Your Life. But all these experiences add up to the fact that *living* is being able to learn each day, being able to grow a little in understanding, tolerance and good humor.

With three youngsters and a wonderful wife, I know the present is teaching me much I missed in the past

See Next Page

YOU CAN LEARN A LOT FROM LIVING

At Alisal, Gary enjoyed "riding," but Lauren was more comfortable on Mr. Gillham's knee as he told tall tales of the old West. (The small cowboys up front are Gary and Chris.)

There's nothing like a child's blunt statement to make you realize where your growth has stopped. They can spot an old-fashioned idea of ours quicker than they can pop a balloon with a pin. How many of us have begun an example with: "When I was your age, I used to trudge eight miles to school in the snow. Now, you can't even walk two blocks on a rainy day." And every daughter is familiar with: "When I was your age, we weren't permitted to wear lipstick until we were grown up." Reasonable statements from our point of view, but listen to what happened to me.

My nine-year-old son Gary seemed willing to accept the responsibility of chores about the house. But only in fits and starts. Depending on his mood, his spurts of energy would be overwhelming one day, absolutely absent the next. Occasionally, he didn't turn a hand and it was after a series of such days that my wife, Barbara, and I thought it about time I had a little man-to-man talk with him. I searched back in my memory for something that would make Gary prideful of his present duties and perhaps a little ashamed that he wasn't taking over as he should be.

"Look here, Gary," I pointed out to him in fatherly fashion, "we'd like you to help around the house a little more. When I was your age I lived on a farm and we

Turnabout's fair play—and good teaching. Gary had no trouble showing me he "knew the ropes."

didn't have life as easy as you have it now. We didn't have the comforts that you automatically take for granted. I got up at dawn to feed the chickens and milk the cows—"

Gary's face lighted up with enthusiasm. "Wonderful, Dad," he said, absolutely ecstatic. "I'll milk the cows—where are they?"

NEVER was I more aware of the fact that my thinking hadn't grown with the times. The problems my children face today are different from those of my parents. They have problems, but milking cows isn't one of them. Never again will I say "When I was your age. . . ."

Both Barbara and I feel that too often we try to substitute words for experience and we believe that old maxim, "Experience is the best teacher," is too frequently forgotten. Perhaps, as parents, we make the mistake of trying to spare our children beneficial lessons we had to learn the hard way.

I remember when I was a high-school student in Oakland, California, I very much wanted to win the annual Shakespearean contest. (*Continued on page* 80)

Ralph Edwards Show, M-F, 12:30 P.M.; This Is Your Life, Wed., 10 P.M., for Hazel Bishop Lipstick; both NBC-TV. Truth or Consequences, NBC, Th., 9:30 P.M., for Pet Milk. All EST.

PERRY MASON (JOHN LARKIN) FINDS THAT, IF A MAN'S TO BE THE

John never liked to plan—until he married pretty Teri Keane. Now they're both making plans for daughter Sharon.

plan for Happiness

He thinks bachelor Perry is missing a great deal!

By MARTIN COHEN

"THE TROUBLE with women is that they like to make plans. Everything has to be arranged in advance. If you're thinking of moving, just thinking, they begin to pack—and around Labor Day they want to know if you've made reservations for New Year's Eve." The utterance and slight exaggeration are those of handsome, square-jawed John Larkin, who stars in the title role of Perry Mason on CBS.

John made the statement with a smile, probably the identical smile Perry would have used. For John Larkin, in mannerisms and appearance, (*Continued on page* 102)

John Larkin is heard as Perry Mason on CBS, 2:15 P.M.; also in Right to Happiness, NBC, 3:45 P.M. Teri Keane is heard in Life Can Be Beautiful, NBC, 3 P.M., and Big Sister, CBS, 1 P.M. All M-F, EST, sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Tide and others.

Top Larkin project these days is searching—and saving—for that dream-house in the country.

"I've really got myself a guy"

Bob Fallon surely meant it when he told Marie Wilson he'd married her for better or for worse!

Though Marie's used to fending for herself, loves her work—and her fans—a recent kitchen crisis almost defeated her.

Bob was always a wonderful "date." Now he's also the nicest man to have around the house.

By MAXINE ARNOLD

MARIE WILSON'S brown eyes filled with tears. Why couldn't she quit being Irma at home? Tonight of all nights, when Bob was bringing his prospective boss home to dinner. When for once she had an opportunity to be of help to him.

He'd helped her so very much, this tall-dark-and-handsome husband of hers. With his own love and determination, Bob Fallon had helped pull Marie through the valley of shadow—and he'd chased any remaining shadows away. For the first time in her life, Marie Wilson—who'd always been the foundation for so many others—could lean on somebody else. It was such a comforting, wonderful feeling, and one she hoped to maintain.

Marie took another sad look at the barbecue sauce. Such a thin, vinegary mess. Gallons of it. Adding things wouldn't help now. Nothing would help. Bob had meant to make the sauce. He was the chef in their family and this was his specialty—but, at the last minute, he'd had to show a real estate client an important piece of property.

Before they married, (*Continued on page* 67)

Marie Wilson stars as My Friend Irma—CBS Radio, Tuesday at 9:30 P.M.—CBS-TV, Friday at 8:30 P.M. Both programs EST, for Cavalier Cigarettes.

Children's hour: Edythe and Curt Massey read to sons David and Stevie.

Masseys' Paradise

Real contentment is yours

when you give something worthwhile

to the ones you love

By BETTY MILLS

WHETHER in a one-room apartment or on a 2500-acre ranch, there is joy to be had in the simple things of life. Curt Massey, whose rich singing voice reflects this joy in living, is a firm believer in this philosophy. For his wife Edythe and his sons David and Stephen, Curt has purposely chosen a way of life that would bring the whole family closer to the fundamentals which he believes are so essential to happiness.

During the week, the Massey family lives in a house close enough to CBS so that Curt can easily attend his broadcasts. But on weekends, while most of Hollywood (*Continued on page* 86)

Curt Massey Time is heard M-F—over CBS Radio, 5:45 P.M. (WCBS, 6:30 P.M.)—over Mutual, 12 noon. All EST, sponsored by Miles Laboratories.

Parents' playtime: Now that they have their dream ranch, Curt and Edythe can relax, take other problems as they come.

Love means excitement—and we have plenty from the minute we wake up—but it means so much, much more!

WHAT LOVE DID FOR ME

Boy or girl, our newest baby will find a happy home—a life made wonderful by "my four women"

by Mario Lanza

Like their mother—and like my own Mom—my little girls, Elissa and Colleen, have already taught me more than I could ever teach them. Below, Betty herself—still the sweetheart I married. They're pictured visiting me on the set at MGM.

I BELIEVE a man's happiness depends directly on how much he permits love to mean to him. Without an open heart, a man is only partly living.

I am grateful for what love has done for me because I never have wanted to be alone. I'm more certain of this every time I think of all I owe my wife, my two little daughters, and my mother. Nothing ever can replace their devotion. My greatest pleasure comes when I can do something to delight them.

Today, when I look in their eyes, I see the smiles of encouragement I want to find. I'm inspired all over again. A warm glow thrills me as I remember they never will settle for second-best where my hopes are concerned, for they actually care.

Now, Mom is the merry voice at the end of the telephone line some time each day. I wouldn't let any day pass without calling her. This isn't just a sense of duty. Every relationship deserves a deep respect, but with Mom it's more. I'm anxious to discover how (*Continued on page* 84)

For the actual ceremony: The Little Brown Church in the Valley. Mary Lou's had her heart set on it through the years—and Dick wants what she wants.

MARY LOU HARRINGTON FINDS

"just married"

by Mary Andrews

THROUGH the open door of The Little Brown Church In the Valley came the soft organ strains of "Oh, Promise Me," welcoming them within. The little church—so picturesque with its knotty-pine paneled walls, the plants overflowing with rich, green ivy, and the mellow autumn sunlight streaming through its windows—seemed to be waiting . . . just for them.

Hand in hand, the pretty brunette girl in the simple smart cotton frock, Mary Lou Harrington, twenty-one, whom you've known as Joan in One Man's Family for thirteen years, and her handsome tall ex-G.I. fiance, Richard Schacht, paused at the door—reading words now so all-important to them. "Love Never Faileth," the little sign said.

Hand in hand, they (*Continued on page* 98)

Mary Lou is heard as Joan Farnsworth on One Man's Family, over NBC, M-F, 7:45 P.M. EST, sponsored by Miles Laboratories.

Picking "the" dress and ring are bigger problems. Maybe this gown at Amelia Gray's, Beverly Hills? Maybe that wedding band at Dallinger's, Jewelers?

Home-hunting at such realty firms as Grubin-Von Dyl is like a dream—the very dream they've cherished since their first date at Los Angeles City College (right).

THERE'S A LOT TO DO BEFORE ANNOUNCING THOSE TWO PRECIOUS WORDS . . .

PERPETUAL

HONEYMOON

As Gladys on Ma Perkins,

as Maggie in Road of Life,

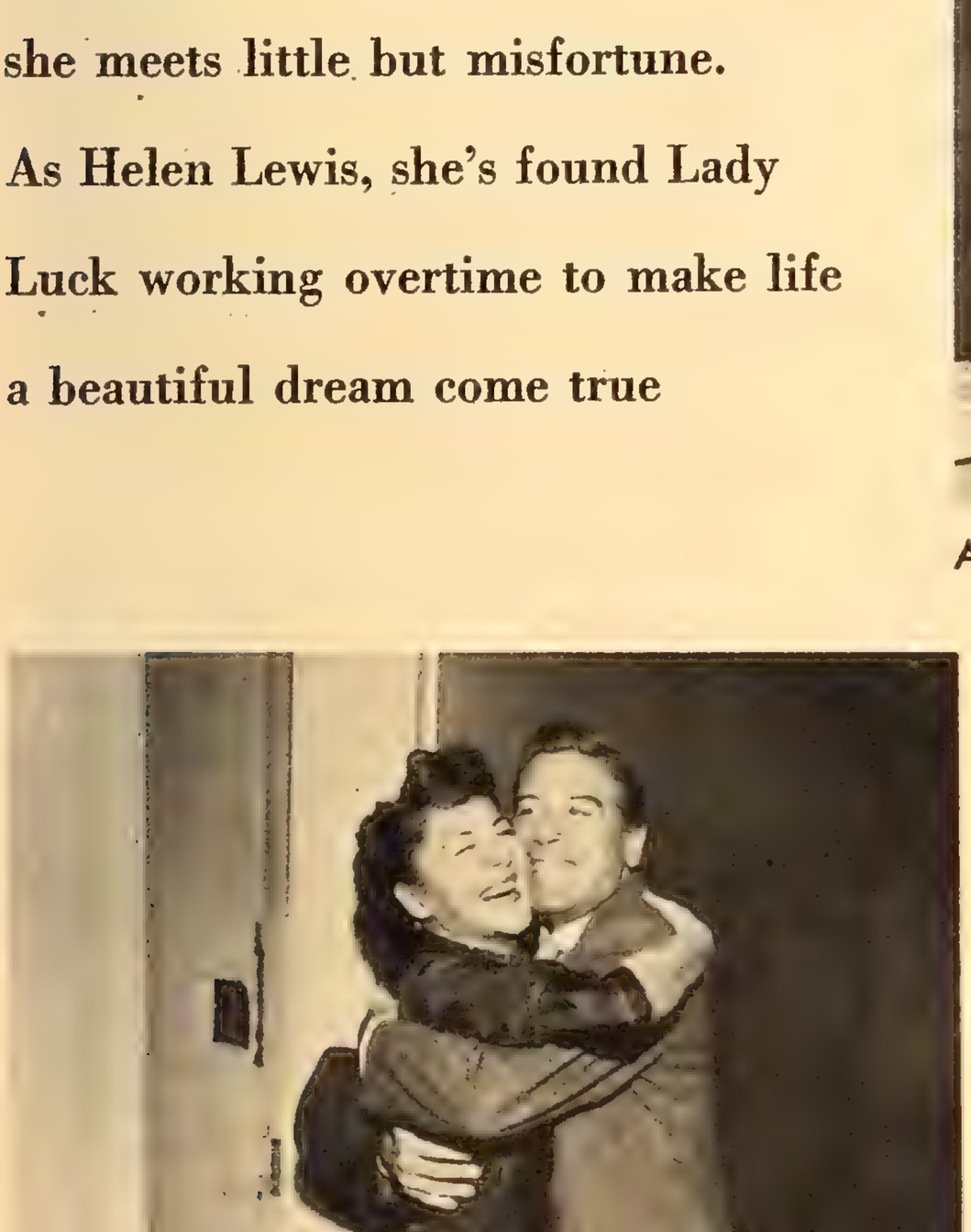
she meets little but misfortune.

As Helen Lewis, she's found Lady

Luck working overtime to make life

a beautiful dream come true

Another trip for David—another happy session with maps and books.



Home again: Helen's as blissful as a bride, each time she greets her traveling husband, David Penn.

by Marie Haller

"FOR NINE and one-half years I've been on a constant honeymoon. Which, if I may use the old saw, just goes to prove you never can tell. When I was married I thought the honeymoon would last but a short three days. And at the time . . . what with the war and everything . . . we thought we were real lucky to get even that. But no—we were even luckier. The Army lost David's orders, and it was three months before they were found and he was called to report for a trip to Iceland."

But this was just the beginning for Mrs. David Penn—more popularly known to her listening and viewing audiences as Helen Lewis. It is just one of the many ways in which she, personally, differs from luckless Gladys Pendleton in the daytime drama, Ma Perkins, and from long-suffering Maggie Lowell Dana in The Road of Life. Lady Luck pointedly ignored Maggie through years of unrequited love—and really works overtime to avoid helping Gladys—but she has dogged the tracks of Helen Lewis like

PERPETUAL HONEYMOON

Between trips, David makes their furniture
—and Helen irons his shirts just right, to be sure he has a fresh supply ready for his next travels.

a devoted friend, throughout her real-life drama.

Lady Luck's personal interest in Helen became noticeable when Helen was a Junior at the University of Nevada. Despite the fact that Helen was enjoying and working hard at her language and geology studies, she was also enjoying and working hard at extra-curricular activities—mainly the Dramatic Club.

"I guess," muses Helen, "we're all inclined to reason, as we listen to the good luck stories of other people, that it just 'couldn't possibly happen to me'—but it did! Unbeknownst to me, in the audience attending the college play my junior year—in which I had a sizable part—was the famous Max Reinhardt. After the play I received a phone call from a 'Professor Robinson' who asked me to do a 'reading' for him. It wasn't until after three days of what seemed to me to be constant reading that I finally learned the true identity of my 'Professor Robinson.' And in the next breath, after telling me who he really was, Mr. Reinhardt asked if I would like to understudy Olivia de-Havilland in his touring company of 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' After a night spent convincing my mother that I didn't want to finish college and be prepared for a teaching career, I departed the next day to join the show. To say I have never for one moment regretted the move is a strong understatement. I know that it's sound judgment to prepare yourself so that you have something to fall back on. In my case, however, I think it might have been disastrous, for had I finished college and obtained my teaching license, I'm sure there would have been a number of occasions in my struggles in the theatre when I would have felt forced to give up and 'fall back.' But since I had

Of course, she misses him when he's away—but what fun they have when he's home!

no secondary means of earning a living, when the sledding got tough, I merely gritted my teeth, ate less and hung on. For which I thank my lucky stars!"

If Helen had ignored the intuition that told her she belonged in the theatre, she might never have become Mrs. David Penn, for it was in the theatre that she and David met. It was in August, 1942, that Helen started rehearsing for an OWI show—and there he was.

"'Rehearsing' might not really be the right term," laughs Helen. "'Breaking it up' might be more accurate. When I first laid eyes on him, David was struggling with a tongue-twisting line. The more he said it, the more hilarious he got, and it wasn't long before the session ended with David reduced to an hysterical mass on the floor, and the rest of us gasping against the nearest prop. My first impression of David was 'what a terrific sense of humor!' And that first impression has never let me down. I think it's a little hard to look back over the years to pin it down to the exact moment when you fell in love—but I don't think I'm too far off if I say it was some time during that first rehearsal. You see, I love to laugh—and so does David. Beyond that, he loves to have people laugh with him, believing that a good laugh will carry you over many a rough spot. I don't mean to give the impression he's a (*Continued on page* 88)

Helen Lewis plays Gladys on Ma Perkins, CBS, M-F, 1:15 P.M., for Oxydol; Maggie on The Road of Life, NBC, M-F, 3:15 P.M., for Crisco; Martha Wayne on Hollywood Screen Test, ABC-TV, Mon., 7:30 P.M., for Ironrite. All EST.

ARTHUR GODFREY'S

Cinderella Simms

Lu Ann's heart told her this couldn't happen to real girls. But it happened to her!

Once upon a time, there was a girl named Lucille Ann . . .

who never dreamed she'd be singing on her favorite show.

By GLADYS HALL

Lu Ann Simms tapped her foot in rhythm with the band and tried to concentrate on the sheet of music in her hand. The notes and lines made a curious pattern in front of her eyes, as her trembling fingers held the paper. Inwardly she wondered if she'd ever be able to take the few steps from her chair on the stage to the microphone which stood so impersonally in the front of the stage. "You did it once, you can do it again," her mind whispered over and over as she waited for her cue.

Then it came and suddenly she was facing Arthur Godfrey across the stage and he was saying something about this cute little girl who was going to be a regular member of his morning radio and television show. She raised her eyes and she was looking directly into his kindly blue eyes. From in back of the table, where Arthur Godfrey was sitting, came the biggest, warmest, friendliest grin she'd ever seen on any human being's face. Her heart gave a sigh, and easily—as if it were the most natural thing in the world—she gave voice to her song. With its last notes, the audience burst into applause and Lu Ann Simms had made her radio debut as a regular member of Arthur Godfrey's morning show. She was now a full-fledged "little Godfrey." And this was not an end, but a most magnificent, exciting beginning for the dark-blonde-haired girl with the cute nose and a tucked-in-at-the-corners smile.

At home in Rochester, New York, before Lu Ann's Cinderella story began, she was known as Lucille Ann Ciminelli—one of three children, with an older brother and a younger brother. It was her father who thought of shortening her name to Lu Ann Simms when the opportunity of being a member of Arthur Godfrey's "family" first came up—'way back when the opportunity was merely a gleam in a talent scout's eye.

"It all started, this career I never dreamed of," says Lu Ann, "back in September of 1951, when I was visiting my Aunt Laura Ciminelli, who lives on City Island near (*Continued on page 70*)

Lu Ann sings on Arthur Godfrey Time, M-F, 10-11:30 A.M. EST, over CBS (part simulcast on CBS-TV); multiple sponsorship. Also on King Arthur Godfrey and His Round Table, CBS, Sun., 5 P.M. EST, for Kingan & Co.

Lu Ann Simms—first a Talent Scout winner, and now a "little Godfrey."

Lyle not only entertains "his girls," even when he's not home, but evidences of his love and care are all about them. He designed and made most of their lovely furniture.

It was a memorable wedding—after both Diana and the U. S. Army had said "yes"!

Born for each other

By MARY TEMPLE

THERE are times when a radio drama so closely resembles real life that the shadow-hero doesn't have to act his part. Take the case of Lyle Sudrow, youthful, blond leading man, and his wife, Diana, a pretty, gay young woman who couldn't be a happier partner in marriage or a better mother. "This program, Guiding Light, on which I play Bill Bauer for both radio and television, is a lot like us," Lyle says bluntly. "I should say, instead, it's a lot like us, when we were going through a period in our marriage that, happily, no longer exists."

Diana Sudrow smiles at her husband, breaks in to say, "Even the dialogue is so much like the way we used to talk to each other that we're sometimes amazed by (*Continued on page 82*)

The Guiding Light is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, and heard on CBS, M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST. Both versions sponsored by Procter & Gamble.

GUIDING LIGHT'S HERO, LYLE SUDROW, LEARNS THAT WEATHERING

Always together now—though Lyle almost literally had to move heaven and earth to be near his Diana when baby Nikki was born.

LIFE'S STORMS CAN TEACH YOU REAL VALUES—CAN CREATE THE GOOD LIFE!

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Wesner (left), of Benton Harbor, Michigan, gave us new hope—and a home. That's Charlene right next to them, then Clifton, my husband Creeley and Creeley, Jr., me holding Jackie Dale, and Jerline (right).

We count our

We started out in search of a better life and, thanks to Welcome Travelers, we found it

By REBURN HORTON

BY THE TIME we got to Chicago, we were all beat out. The worst day of your life is something you usually want to forget, but just once more—on Thanksgiving—I want to remember how, on that cold, raw morning, we sat huddled together in the bus depot.

I want to remember, for as I do, I shall be counting our blessings. Remembering, I shall offer a prayer of thanks for all the unknown friends who helped us. Particularly, I shall be grateful to Tommy Bartlett, his Welcome Travelers staff, and the good Benton Harbor people they enlisted. Together, they changed our lives.

I know what a sorry sight we made. The seven of us took up an entire bench. My husband,

I always knew Creeley was a good worker. Mr. Wesner's finding it out, too.

Blessings

Creeley Horton, sat at one end. I was at the other. And we had put the children between us so we could keep an eye on them.

Every time I looked at the children I wanted to cry, but there was nothing I could do for them. With shoulders hunched and pinched faces gray, our girls—Jerline, thirteen, and Charlene, nine—sat quiet as little old women. Jerline offered to take the baby, Jackie Dale, who was sixteen months old, but he was so fussy I shook my head. The boys were restless from the long trip. Clifton, who is five, and Creeley, Jr., (*Continued on page 78*)

Welcome Travelers is heard on NBC, M-F, 10 A.M. EST, for Procter & Gamble, and seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST.

The girls got such pretty dresses! Now they don't have to take turns wearing the same one to school.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN—

The Strange Fruits of Jealousy

ELLEN BROWN walked close to Dr. Anthony Loring as he strolled through her garden, seeing it for the first time in many weeks. Dr. Loring had been separated from Ellen, attempting once more to prove that he had been given an annulment shortly after his marriage to Ruth Phillips. Ellen, her face lighted with that kind, sweet smile which so characterized her inner concern for people, was trying to explain to Anthony why she was befriending Ruth, who had been trying so desperately to harm them both. . . . With all the goodness that was in Ellen's heart, she could not bring herself to feel anything but sorrow for Ruth. As she explained to Anthony, Ruth was a sick woman, a woman who had been continually torn by and led by her crippled brother Conrad, a truly evil man. It was Conrad who was influencing Ruth. Ellen couldn't deny that Ruth was jealous, vindictive, mentally unstable, but she was determined to convince Anthony that having Ruth under wing would allow her to help Ruth to overcome her strange emotional bent. Ellen told Anthony of Ruth's plea: "I want to belong to people—people who want to save me—who want to give me back my soul." Anthony, unable to reveal to Ellen all that he himself knew of Ruth and her dark past, shook his head at her naive faith in Ruth. Gently but with firmness, he explained that he believed harm—real physical harm—could come to Ellen if she insisted on pursuing her friendship with Ruth. As if to punctuate his remarks, Ellen and Anthony's conversation was brought to an abrupt halt by the sound of a plant pot crashing on Ellen's garden path. Turning, the two saw Ruth standing there, a guilty, haunted look on her thin face. . . . What they cannot see is the wicked, viciously-pronged weed-digger which Ruth has concealed in her clothing. Only time will tell whether Ruth intends to use this weapon against Ellen, once more twisting Ellen's kind intentions in her jealousy-ridden mind.

Young Widder Brown is heard over NBC, M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by Haley's M-O and Energine. Florence Freeman and Ned Weaver are pictured here in their radio roles as Ellen Brown and Dr. Loring.

A WOMAN'S EMOTIONS CAN PLAY HAVOC WITH THOSE SHE LOVES

Portrait of a BELLE

Like Lorenzo's wife, Lucille Wall knows this is still a man's world—but a really feminine woman can have lots of fun in it

On the radio, Lucille Wall is Belle, the patient and ever-understanding wife of that lovable eccentric, Lorenzo Jones. In real life, although she's sweet, handsome and charming, she is single. She loves haunting antique shops and has a sensational collection of 18th Century furnishings. And at heart she's a sportswoman—loves ice skating in winter, tennis and swimming in summer. She can't cook, says if she gets dinner on the table she's lost her appetite and "yours along with it." But . . . give Lucille a bathroom to scrub, Venetian blinds to wash, and she's as happy as the longest day in the year is long! She loves driving a car, but dislikes back-seat riding. She has glamorous negligees, glamorous nightgowns, and glamorous street-clothes . . . but can't stand playing cards, being in crowds, riding in taxis, or talking to conceited actors. Has the time of her life, each day of her life, but it takes two alarm clocks with powerful lungs to awaken her in the morning. She likes making her own decisions but smilingly admits that she always finds herself consulting a man to see if she's made the correct one. Loves traveling . . . but rarely gets farther away from Manhattan and her work than Long Island. Lucille reads volumes and volumes in bed but finds paying her monthly bills the most satisfying of her accomplishments. She likes the smug feeling you get when a job you feel like putting off is done. She believes a husband gets first consideration—the house is run to suit his pleasure, his hours, his whims. But she agrees that this is what she'd do, because she'd want a marriage to last as long as they both should live. Lucille is in favor of women in politics but thinks it's impossible for a woman to arrive in that field. She firmly believes that the world is a man's oyster . . . but she concedes that he's a pretty nice creature when he offers to share it with a gal. Lucille has had her share of pavement-pounding, her share of hard luck along the way, but she wouldn't have it otherwise. She loves just living.

Lucille is heard on Lorenzo Jones, NBC, M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST; sponsored MWF by Hazel Bishop No-Smear Lipstick.

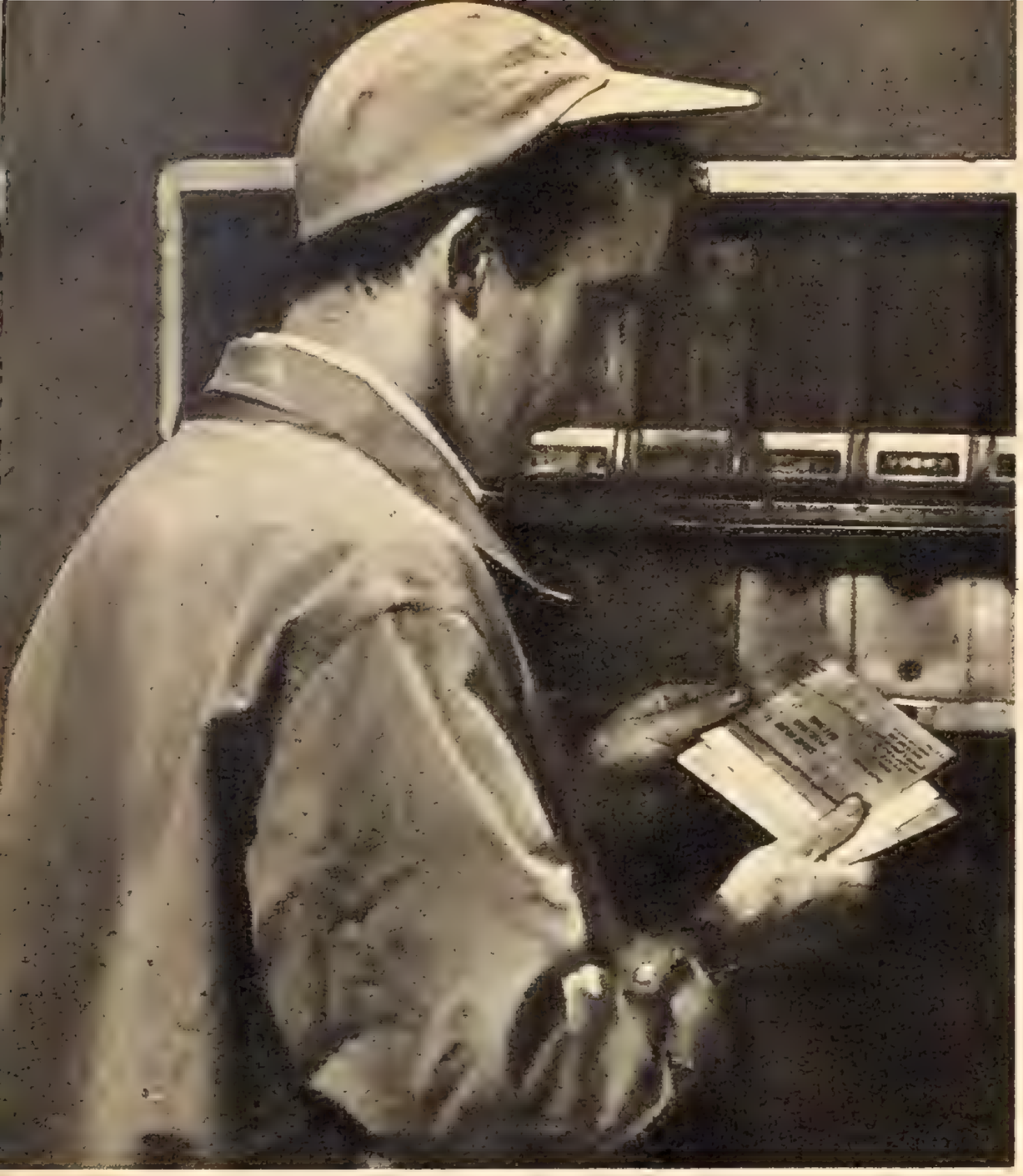
A blonde who took work home . . .

a schoolteacher with old methods .

and a gold wristwatch . . .

helped T-men solve

the case



A shadowy figure steals government checks from mailboxes, forges the indorsements, and then cashes them by using stolen rent receipts for identification.

Line-up: Harry Mead, a teenager, is positively identified by a Mrs. Macon, as the person who passed the check to her in her grocery shop.

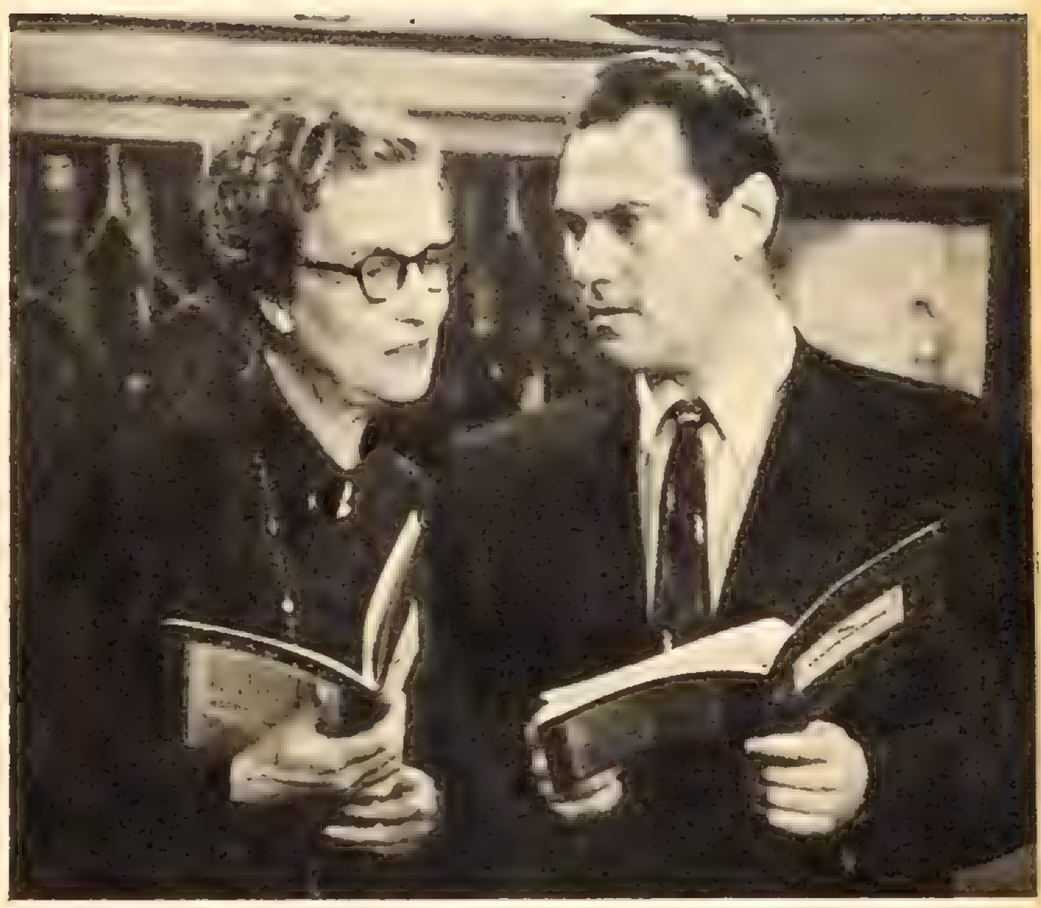
T-MAN Sam Eustis stumbled into a baffling case when he took over the investigation of a series of mailbox robberies. All the evidence pointed to Harry Mead, a boy in his late teens with a juvenile record behind him. First, there was the fact that Mrs. Macon, one of the storekeepers who had cashed a stolen government check, identified Harry as the boy for whom she cashed it. Next, there was the forged indorsement which almost exactly matched Harry's handwriting—an old-fashioned flowery script. But the clincher came when Eustis discovered that Harry had been employed by the printing company which made up the rent receipts used for identification each time the checks were cashed. The one thing that didn't add up was the feeling in Sam Eustis' own heart that Harry was not the thief. No matter how hard he tried to convince himself, he couldn't believe in the boy's guilt. Even after Sam had arrested Harry, he continued the investigation. A visit to Miss Bryant, a former teacher of Harry's, and a second visit to Jenny Keith, secretary in the realty company from which the rent receipts were sent, revealed some strange coincidences. The pictures tell the whole story of how Sam Eustis solved the case.

Jenny Keith gives police the watch Jack Rahway, a former pupil of Miss Bryant's, gave her. He was with her when she made out the rent receipts.

Treasury Men in Action is seen on NBC-TV, Thursdays, 8:30 P.M. EST, sponsored by the makers of Borden's Instant Coffee.

Editor's Note: In cooperation with the U.S. Treasury Department, we urge our readers receiving or cashing government checks to be on guard against mailbox thieves.

of the Mailbox Menace



T-Man Sam Eustis has to arrest Harry when he discovers that the flowery indorsement on the checks matches the boy's own signature, but somehow he still can't believe that Harry is the robber.

Miss Bryant, Harry's old teacher, shows Eustis the copybooks, which show that all of her pupils wrote the same style.

A very apologetic Mrs. Macon realizes her terrible mistake, when she sees Jack Rahway, and points to him as the guilty party, completely clearing Harry Mead to whom she now offers the job he wants so badly.

'Rithmetic: The most precious addition to the Lipton family is our David, pictured here when only four weeks old.

Bill plays a great variety

of roles, but he's really easy

to live with—and the most

exciting, romantic man I know

Reading and writing: These two R's brought us together—I write radio-TV scripts, Bill reads them.

my Husband couldn't be more WONDERFUL!

by Joan Lipton

RECENTLY Bill and I were house guests in the country. The caretaker's wife observed Bill closely for two days, although we didn't know it. Just as we were about to leave she asked, "Are you really the Bill Lipton on Young Dr. Malone and Road of Life?"

Bill assured her that he was.

"I can't believe it," she said. "I honestly expected you to walk around the house growling all the time."

Even though many people don't expect Bill to play Gene Williams or John Brent off the air, nevertheless Bill doesn't even act like an actor. True enough, he's a handsome blond man who looks even a bit younger than his twenty-six years but, if you were to meet him as a stranger, in a hundred tries you wouldn't guess he was an actor.

"That's right," Bill will say, "I'm not colorful, exotic or particularly romantic." (*Continued on page* 72)

Bill Lipton is heard on The Road of Life, 3:15 P.M., NBC, and Young Dr. Malone, 1:30 P.M., CBS; both M-F, EST, for Crisco.

When a Girl

Joan knew of one force trying to separate her from Harry—she never suspected another!

Marries——

JOAN LEARNS THE LENGTHS A MAN WILL GO FOR SELFISH HAPPINESS

Gratitude was all Joan felt for Donald. It was kind of him to drive her to visit friends in southern France—but the cool cup of water he offered her on the way was doped.

With Joan drugged, unaware of her surroundings, Donald half-carried, half-led her to his isolated chateau, where Rosa and her daughter Denise helped keep Joan a prisoner.

JOAN DAVIS looked at herself in the mirror and gasped in horror—was this image really she? Her blonde hair had been darkened, her face tanned with some sort of acid. She put a trembling hand to her aching head. Now, it was all beginning to come back to her. The stop under the trees for the cup of water, driving beside Donald Brady in his foreign car through the woods outside of Paris toward Nice with the ride taking on a crazy kind of haziness. Then an almost complete blackout as they approached the chateau. Was that an hour ago, a day ago—how long had she been unconscious . . . drugged? Wearily, she sat down on the edge of the bed in the tower room with its luxurious furnishings and grilled windows. Later, as strength gradually returned to her, Joan crept from her bed and sighed in relief as she tried the door handle and found that it gave under her touch. Quickly, quietly, she moved down the gigantic stairway and started toward the sound of voices coming from the huge living room. A young girl sat talking to the French police and Joan almost cried out as she heard the girl saying that a car answering the description of Donald Brady's had been seen hurtling off the cliff near the chateau. Two people, she went on in a low voice, who certainly sounded like Joan Davis and Donald, had been in the car—several people were certain of it. Stunned into silence, the whole ridiculous picture entered Joan's mind—the altering of her appearance, her apparent imprisonment—and what of Donald? Where was he? She waited for the police to go, and then confronted the young girl, who said her name was Denise. Denise explained that Donald was here safe in the chateau and, if Joan would go to her room, she would find Donald and send him to her. In a low voice, Denise warned Joan she was in grave danger, tried to reassure Joan that she, Denise, would do everything in her power to help her. Later, Joan listened to Donald's excuses—Donald believed Joan's husband Harry was causing her great heartache and had hit upon a scheme to save her. He traced his steps for Joan. Gradu-

See Next Page

When a Girl

Donald then crashed his car into the sea. It was dredged up—empty—but his "witnesses" swore there were two people in it when it went over the cliff.

Held captive in Donald's chateau, Joan surreptitiously made friends with Denise, who promised to help—then fell to her death while trying to get word to the outside world.

Pictured here, as on the air, are:

Joan Davis.....**Mary Jane Higby**

Harry Davis.....**John Raby**

Clair O'Brian.....**Anzie Strickland**

Donald Brady.....**Jimmy Monks**

When A Girl Marries, M-F, 10:45 A.M. EST, over ABC.

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ally she learned that Donald had followed her to Paris purposely, had then offered to drive her to friends in Nice, all the time in the hope that he could get her alone, kidnap her, bring her to his chateau—where he felt she would always be safe from harm. There was nothing left for Joan to do but to pretend that she was in agreement with Donald's scheme. In the meantime, Denise and Joan secretly plotted to get word of Joan's imprisonment to Joan's friends in nearby Nice. One sunny afternoon Denise left the chateau, escaping under the watchful eyes of Donald, only to meet her death when she slipped over the edge of the cliff and into the sea. Joan, hearing of Denise's tragic death, reached the point of complete physical hysteria. Was there no way out? Desperately she sought the aid of the police, only to find that Donald had shrewdly prepared for this event. The police believed her to be a mentally deranged relative of Donald's from England, whom he was trying to protect and shield from harm. Defeated, ill, despondent, Joan was sent back to the chateau to continue to live under Donald's supposed protection. Meanwhile, Joan's husband Harry, unknown to Joan, had followed her to Paris, only to learn on the eve of his arrival of the supposed tragic accident which had befallen her. Returning to America and his home in Stanwood, he was met by Clair O'Brian, who wants—more than anything in this world—to be Mrs. Harry Davis. Clair, aware of Joan's death through the Stanwood paper, is prepared and does welcome Harry back with open arms and—he feels—an open heart.

Marries

After the "crash," everyone believed Joan and Donald had perished. That was the base of his plot: with their past lives buried, he felt he would have Joan all to himself.

Desperate and alone in her battle, Joan forced herself to listen to Donald's protestations of love, pretended to fall in with his plans, while seeking a chance to escape.

Back in Stanwood, Joan's husband Harry was heartbroken, wondering dazedly how he could comfort his "motherless" children—how he could face a lonely future without Joan.

Gratefully, he turns to Clair O'Brian, who is eager to offer consolation. Will he discover her own evil plans? Will Joan ever find her way back to him . . . and in time?

Lucky little Robin has two "Mamas," is proud of them
both: Left, Faith Morgan, her real-life mother; right, Peggy Wood,
actress-mother of Dagmar, the TV character Robin plays.

SHARING

Robin Morgan's mother found real happiness as her child's affections embraced those around her

by Frances Kish

SHOULD a mother be too concerned when her young child begins to show strong affection for some other person—perhaps a teacher, a nurse, a neighbor, a grandmother or aunt? Does the mother really lose a share of the child's love when it is divided in this way? Is love ever really divided?

These are questions many mothers have asked as they have watched a child's enthusiasm grow for someone outside the immediate family circle. Questions that have caused them to wonder if some lack in themselves has made the child look elsewhere for affection and understanding.

Faith Morgan, whose ten-year-old Robin plays Dagmar on the CBS television program called Mama, well knows the answers to these questions. Not long ago, Faith's friends began to ask how she felt about "sharing" Robin with Peggy Wood, who plays Mama, and Judson Laire, who plays Papa. This was during the period when Robin began to come home from the studio every week and tell how wonderful these two were to her and how much she adored them.

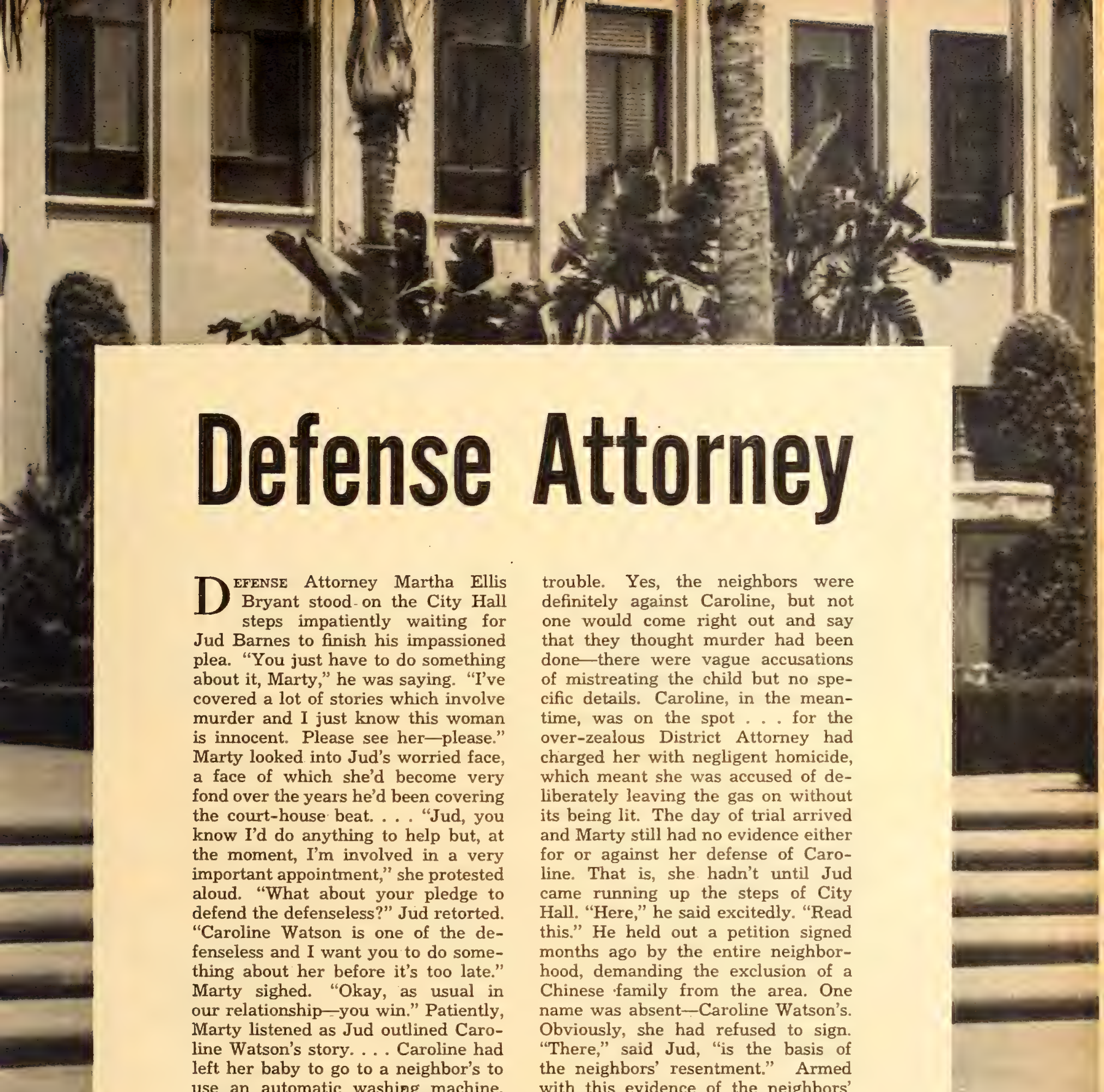
"When a child begins to reach out and love people outside the home circle, I believe any mother should be happy about it," Mrs. Morgan says. "Robin began early in her life to reach out to others, and this has brought a great deal of love to her. There (*Continued on page* 87)

Robin plays daughter Dagmar to Peggy Wood's Mama on CBS-TV, Fri., 8 P.M. EST, for Maxwell House Coffee.

Both Mamas are proud of Robin, too—not only as an actress, but as an honor student and a lovable youngster who makes (and keeps) a host of friends.

A CHILD'S HEART

Rushed as she was, Marty listened to Jud's pleas, agreed to defend Caroline. But—could she save her?



Defense Attorney

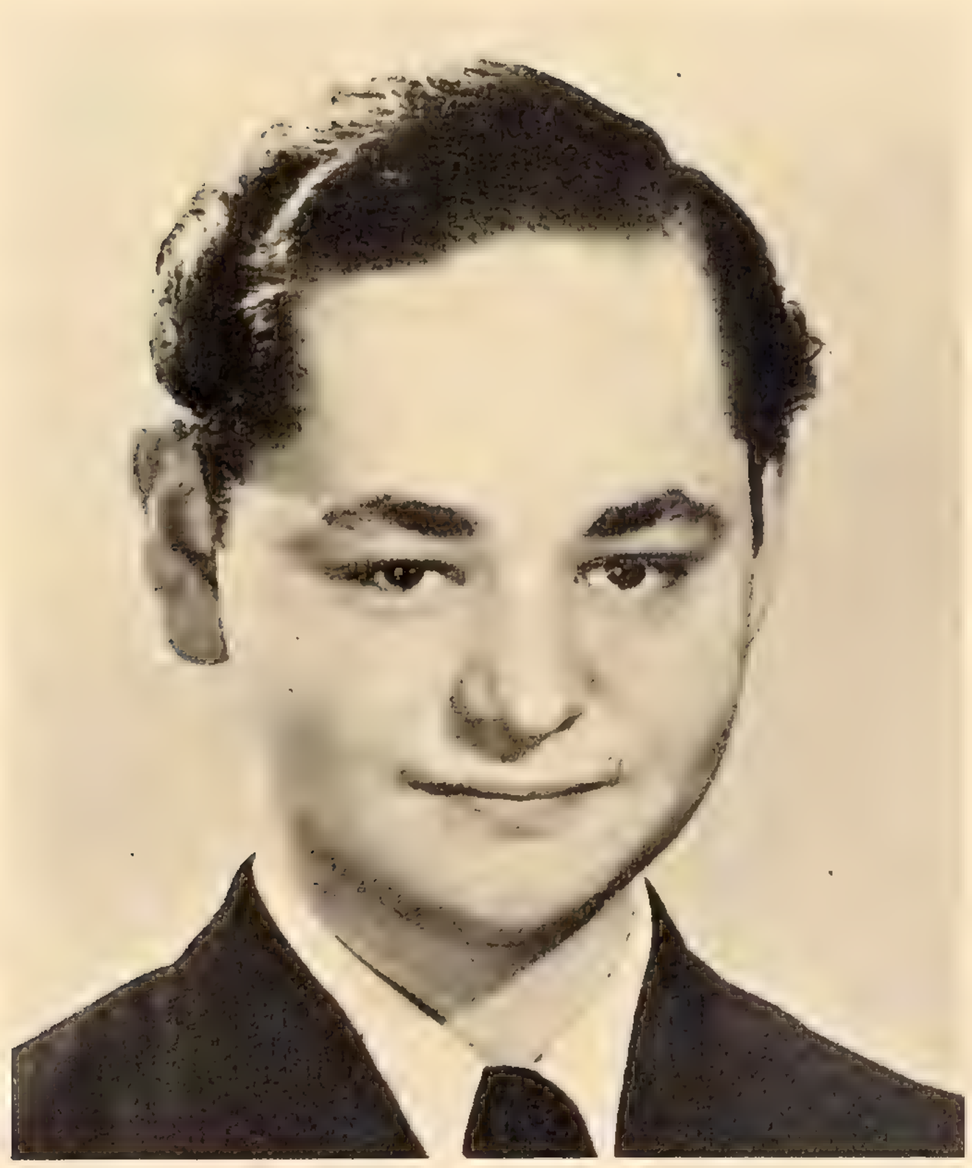
DEFENSE Attorney Martha Ellis Bryant stood on the City Hall steps impatiently waiting for Jud Barnes to finish his impassioned plea. "You just have to do something about it, Marty," he was saying. "I've covered a lot of stories which involve murder and I just know this woman is innocent. Please see her—please." Marty looked into Jud's worried face, a face of which she'd become very fond over the years he'd been covering the court-house beat. . . . "Jud, you know I'd do anything to help but, at the moment, I'm involved in a very important appointment," she protested aloud. "What about your pledge to defend the defenseless?" Jud retorted. "Caroline Watson is one of the defenseless and I want you to do something about her before it's too late." Marty sighed. "Okay, as usual in our relationship—you win." Patiently, Marty listened as Jud outlined Caroline Watson's story. . . . Caroline had left her baby to go to a neighbor's to use an automatic washing machine. Tragically, in her absence the flame on the gas heater had blown out and her baby had been asphyxiated. Neighbors were hinting that it was murder, not an accident. "I know that she loved her child and that she is a woman incapable of such a terrible act," Jud said emphatically. "We'll see," was Marty's noncommittal reply. . . . A few days later, after hours of fruitless questioning, Marty was still unable to put her finger on the trouble. Yes, the neighbors were definitely against Caroline, but not one would come right out and say that they thought murder had been done—there were vague accusations of mistreating the child but no specific details. Caroline, in the meantime, was on the spot . . . for the over-zealous District Attorney had charged her with negligent homicide, which meant she was accused of deliberately leaving the gas on without its being lit. The day of trial arrived and Marty still had no evidence either for or against her defense of Caroline. That is, she hadn't until Jud came running up the steps of City Hall. "Here," he said excitedly. "Read this." He held out a petition signed months ago by the entire neighborhood, demanding the exclusion of a Chinese family from the area. One name was absent—Caroline Watson's. Obviously, she had refused to sign. "There," said Jud, "is the basis of the neighbors' resentment." Armed with this evidence of the neighbors' vindictiveness against her client, Marty pleaded her case and an hour later Caroline was free. . . . "You've saved another innocent person," Jud told Marty, as they came out of the courthouse, arm in arm. "No," said Marty firmly. "I didn't—but a jury of good Americans, who refused to be swayed by hysteria, did. Which just goes to prove," she added solemnly, "what a darn fine country this is in which to live!"

Mercedes McCambridge and Howard Culver are pictured here in their radio roles as Martha Ellis Bryant and Jud Barnes on Defense Attorney, over ABC, Thurs., 8:30 P.M. EST, for Clorets.

who's who on the TELEPHONE

Barbara Gibson

On November third, the Telephone Hour will present a twenty-three-year-old coloratura soprano who made her debut on the program in 1949—Barbara Gibson. This will mark Barbara's ninth appearance on the series. . . . It was inborn talent that brought Babs to a singing career, though she was inclined towards the engineering profession—like her father. But Mother has a fine amateur voice, and as soon as she heard Babs give out with some sparkling notes before the little girl was even three—she knew her daughter would be a singer. But, for a while, Barbara continued to grow up very quietly and naturally on Staten Island, her birthplace. She went to the local grade school and high school, taking part in plays and the glee club. One night a friend of Babs's father, the husband of singer Jean Dickinson, heard her sing and was so impressed that he insisted she give an audition for the well-known teacher and coach, Cesare Sturani. Babs was terrified, but, when she had finished singing, the coach said, "When do you start taking lessons?" She hasn't stopped since.



Michael Rabin

The youngest of the Telephone Hour's November stars is the amazing Michael Rabin—just sixteen, and already counting dozens of musical triumphs to his credit. Michael, at fourteen, was the youngest soloist ever to appear on the Telephone Hour, the program on which he made his debut. Michael comes by his great talent as a violinist naturally, since both of his parents are gifted musicians. His father, George Rabin, has been a violinist with the New York Philharmonic for thirty years, and his mother, Jeanne Rabin, is a pianist who for many years was on the faculty of the Juilliard School of Music. . . . Mike started taking piano lessons from his mother before he was six, and did admirably. But one day, at a friend's house, he was attracted to a small violin. The friend gave Mike the violin, and, after giving him a few lessons, George Rabin knew that his son was extremely talented. Before he was fourteen, he had played with several major symphony orchestras as soloist. Michael will play on the Telephone Hour, November 10.

The Telephone Hour is heard on Mondays at 9 P.M. ES

HOUR

Bidu Sayao

THE SOCIALLY prominent family of Bidu Sayao would have been extremely cross with their young daughter if they had known she was secretly taking voice lessons, because in Rio de Janeiro well-bred young women did not covet careers. But soon it was an open secret that Bidu was possessed of a remarkable voice, and she was sent to Paris to study with Jean de Reske. . . . The Brazilian singer's first triumph was in her native Rio, where she made her debut at the Teatro Municipal. Bidu claims that Rio's audiences are very critical, but they give out with brava—bravissimas after her performances. Then Bidu toured Europe—in Paris, Bucharest, Rome, Lisbon, she was widely hailed. After that, Bidu came to New York, where she met maestro Arturo Toscanini, who asked her to sing with his orchestra at Carnegie Hall. It wasn't long before the Meropolitan Opera bid for her talent, and from then on—she has been a major artist. . . . In private life she is married to former Met singer Guiseppe Danise. She will sing for T.H. listeners on November 17.

Lucile Cummings

AS BEAUTIFUL as she is talented, Lucile Cummings is another one of the young American artists who got her first radio break on the Telephone Hour. At a very tender age, the girl who was born in Corvallis, Oregon, burst into song from her highchair. When she was three she was picking out tunes by ear at the piano, and soon she was enthusiastically entertaining any and every one who would listen. . . . At six Lucile took a correspondence course in music for twenty-five cents a lesson. And once, when she and her brothers were quarantined with smallpox, Lucile learned the entire scores for "The Mikado" and "Pinafore." All through school she sang and played mainly for fun, but her first really serious studies began when she won a music scholarship to the University of Oregon. After college, Lucile began to sing professionally—and the rest of the story is the great success her beautiful contralto voice has brought her. . . . She lives in a lovely bachelor-girl apartment in New York, where she cooks her own meals, and keeps house. On November 24, Lucile will sing on the T.H.

r NBC; sponsored by the Bell Telephone System.

who's who in Radio

ELLERY QUEEN—
Genuine Gentleman

Lee Bowman's
a suave character
with a trigger mind
and a drawing-room
approach, just like
the hero he plays—
with one exception

By HELEN MARION

Man (and wife) about town: Lee and one of his two Helenes at the Stork Club.

Country squire: Lee fills the role to perfection—almost.

ANYONE who is acquainted with Ellery Queen, either in print or television form—and is there anyone who isn't?—will know that the only thing about Ellery that is calm, cool and collected is his approach. Certainly not his mode of living . . . either personally, or from the standpoint of his business life.

All of which serves to make Lee Bowman the perfect counterpart for Ellery Queen, the role he so successfully portrays every Wednesday night on ABC-TV. Through the years, Ellery has been depicted as a suave character with a trigger mind, drawing-room approach, and unusual understanding of the scientific aspects of living . . . in particular, the automobile. Through the years, Hollywood has correctly depicted Lee Bowman as a suave gentleman (*Continued on page* 103)

Lee plays the title role on The Adventures of Ellery Queen, ABC-TV, Wed., 9 P.M. EST, for Bayuk Cigars.

Marie Wilson

(*Continued from page 32*)

Bob Fallon, a former Air Force pilot and later an actor, had taken out his broker's license to better support his wife—who was doing all right herself at CBS as the star of My Friend Irma on radio and television. But this was part of his charm, and his determination. He was now employed at Al Herd's real estate office on the Sunset Strip and working very hard. He was also concentrating on getting into television production. A dream which seemed near fulfillment—until a few minutes ago.

Bob had finally found his idea for a TV series and had taken it to an executive of Screen Televideo Productions, Jacques Braunstein. Braunstein was interested not only in the package, but in Bob himself—in his personality . . . and the fact they were both exceptional gourmets. Once Bob discovered this fact, he pursued the subject happily. He had, he confided, the world's best formula for barbecue sauce. He'd gotten it from his father, who'd ferreted it from a famous colored chef in Tennessee. It was so secret, it was known to few living men—only one other in Hollywood, Dave Chasen, famed Hollywood restaurateur.

"You must bring your wife over for a barbecue dinner some night soon. Just wait until you taste that sauce," Bob had concluded the interview with Braunstein.

Yes—just wait, thought Marie tearfully now. There goes the television series. And it's all my fault, too.

Marie felt she was a tired failure. The Fallons could, she felt, start packing any time now. For the Braunsteins were coming for barbecue dinner that evening and they were bringing another couple. No barbecue sauce, no TV show for Bob.

When Bob called the last time to ask her how it was coming along, she hadn't had the heart to tell him. "Well—I don't know—it doesn't look—I don't think—" she began. "Don't worry, honey," he said. "I'll be home very shortly." But so would their dinner guests. Marie called some caterers from Romanoff's and they all arrived simultaneously.

The caterers kept the caviar appetizers going, and Marie kept postponing the moment when she'd have to announce there would be no barbecue follow-up and thus no celebrated barbecue sauce. Then she observed on Bob's face his familiar, protective "Never-mind-honey-I've-taken-care-of-everything" expression.

And fortunately he had. He'd had a "strange feeling" she wasn't "quite going to make it," he disclosed later. So he'd made reservations for a table for six at Chasen's.

To their dinner guests he broke the news of their change of plans as an organized and delightful surprise. They were to try the famed sauce at Chasen's first, then they must come up the following week and try Marie's and they could compare them and see what a whisper of difference her inspired hand achieved.

The television executive was far from deceived. The whole house was smogged with vinegar, but if this young fellow could be that resourceful—that quick—and that diplomatic in a domestic emergency—why, then. . . .

Why, then—Bob Fallon was made associate-producer of his own televsion series.

"I've really got myself a guy!" breathed Marie happily when they got home. And she must be mistaken—but it sounded like Bob was saying: "Every wife should be an Irma once in a while."

UP TO $100.00 in a MONTH FOR WEARING AND SHOWING LOVELY DRESSES!

Ladies—here's your chance to get a whole new beautiful wardrobe all your own – WITHOUT ONE CENT OF COST TO YOU! This amazing new plan offers your choice of over 150 smart street dresses, afternoon frocks, tailored suits, plus colorful two-piece styles that serve double duty as "separates". Besides *getting* these gorgeous clothes, you can make up to *$100 in a month* just by *wearing* and *showing* them to your friends! It's like getting paid for being the "best dressed" woman in your neighborhood! Just imagine that!

ANY DRESS-SIZE CAN "MODEL" A FASHION FROCK

You do not need any previous "experience." It doesn't matter what your dress size is – Misses, Half-Sizes, Juniors, Stouts – you can qualify for this thrilling chance to make big money just by wearing original Fashion Frocks! You know, yourself, when you meet your friends, the talk is bound to get around to "clothes" sooner or later. And it will be *sooner* when they actually *see* you wearing these beautiful new Fashion Frocks! Your friends will want to know *where* you got them . . . if they, too, can get flattering new styles like yours. And when you tell them about the magnificent fabrics, colors, patterns and weaves—(from which you chose your own dresses)—you'll be helping spread the good news about Fashion Frocks. It's our way of *advertising!*

NO OBLIGATION OF ANY KIND!

It costs you *absolutely nothing* to investigate this unusual fashion offer . . . to learn how you can add to your income and receive stylish new dresses as a bonus. All without door-to-door canvassing or taking more than a few spare hours now and then. The coupon below will bring you full details—*without obligation of any kind.* The valuable samples of colorful styles come to you at once—ABSOLUTELY FREE! So hurry! Fill in the coupon and mail it right now, today!

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EVERYTHING IS GIVEN TO YOU FREE!

DON'T WAIT! OPENINGS LIMITED!

This NEW plan is so sensational that openings are limited. So hurry! Fill out the coupon and send it in before the quota is filled. There is no obligation, not a penny to pay! Paste coupon on a postcard—*mail today!*

PASTE THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD MAIL TODAY!

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Studio K-5039, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

YES, I'd like to be one of the women who get the chance to make up to $100 in a month for wearing and showing Fashion Frocks. Without obligating me in any way, please send everything I need FREE!

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *Zone*____ *State*_____

*Age*_____ *Dress Size*_____

Smile—

WHEN YOU SAY THAT

Pretty and peppy Martha Stewart makes a fine foil for Pinky Lee's bright brand of comedy in the NBC-TV show, Those Two.

Choosing lipstick is a cinch with a system like Martha's.

OUR VOTE for the party with the most winning smile goes to Martha Stewart, co-star with Pinky Lee in the NBC-TV show, Those Two (7:30 P.M. EST, Monday, Wednesday and Friday). Martha's smile is the potent variety—the kind that starts somewhere deep inside and reaches clear up to her sparkling eyes. . . . But, never one to let nature's blessings go untended, she's a gal who is definitely bright about lipstick. A featured singer on the supper-club circuit and with "name" bands since she was sixteen years old, Martha discovered early the value of a lipstick brush and practiced drawing a smooth, clean outline. To make the beautiful results stay on longer, she learned to powder her lips before applying lipstick. . . . A petite blonde—five feet, three inches tall and one-hundred-five, elegantly-distributed pounds—she collects a lipstick "wardrobe" to play up her delicate coloring and harmonize with what she's wearing. The owner of an unerring eye when it comes to selecting exactly the right shades, Martha breaks down lipstick colors into three groups: Clear red, orangey red, and red with a bluish tone. The hundreds of shades there are to choose from, she says, are all either light, medium or dark tones of these three. . . . With black—back at the top of the fashion lists this year and perfect for her blonde brand of beauty—she wears a soft, rosy blue-red. With the muted yellow-greens, with tweeds, and with the tawny browns ranging from camel color to deep chocolate—all winter fashion favorites—she chooses clear, true red. For her favorite blues and grays, and with the luscious pinky red that's new for now, she likes a medium shade of blue-red. But, whatever the color, it'll be on over that wide, warm, wonderful smile.

by Harriet Segman

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Arthur Godfrey's Cinderella Simms

(*Continued from page 42*)

New York City. Aunt Laura works in a restaurant, the Lido Rest, on City Island. And one night, just for the fun of it, I got up and sang with the little trio at the Lido. I sang the song I call 'my' song, 'Don't Take Your Love From Me.'

"It so happened—it always 'so happens,' doesn't it, in the Cinderella stories?" Lu Ann laughed, "that Mr. Risoli, a talent scout, was at the Lido that night and heard me sing and asked me if I'd like to audition for the Arthur Godfrey show.

"W-e-l-l!" Lu Ann said, taking a deep breath, spreading out her fingers in the gesture that says there are some things for which there are no words.

"It so happens," she went on, "that Arthur Godfrey has been a family favorite on the radio, *the* family favorite I can say, for about as long as I can remember. We never, short of a crisis of some sort, missed a single one of his shows. Not any one of us. In all my dreams I never dreamed that I would ever be any closer to Mr. Godfrey than I was as I sat on the floor and listened to him on our radio at home or watched him on our TV set.

"Even as Mr. Risoli was speaking, I remember thinking, Why, for gracious sakes, things like this don't really happen to real girls!

"But they do, they do . . . for here it was happening. At least, it was beginning to happen. . . .

"So of course I said that of course I'd like to audition for Mr. Godfrey and Mr. Risoli told me I'd hear from him and then we shook hands and the next day I went back home to Rochester.

"That was, as I've said, in September. For the next six months, everything was just the way it had always been before I met Mr. Risoli. I did some more television work in Rochester, helped Mama at home, went to the movies with my girl friends, to ball games, parties, skating, dating. . . .

"No steady date," Lu Ann continued, her pixie face solemn. "No real, serious love. Neither then nor now. And now I'd like to wait for love for three, maybe even four or five, years.

"You see, I had a really wonderful bringing up; a wonderful education, too, finishing at the school of Our Lady of Mercy in Rochester. At Our Lady of Mercy you learn, among other things, and learn right down to your fingertips, to be a lady, which is *so* important. Because it is so important to me, what I care about in love, what I want and hope to find in the boy I will some day love, is the respect a gentleman should show a lady, an old-world courtesy. And also, he must be a kind of homey person, the same," Lu Ann smiled, "as I am.

"Religion, too, is a 'must' in the boy I marry," Lu Ann added, "Because it is in everything I do in my life; because I know that I have it to thank for everything that has happened to me.

"So, anyway, the months went by without a word from Mr. Risoli. But, because I'm so happy at home, I wasn't impatient, and I didn't worry when I didn't hear from him. The boys kidded me, of course, as brothers always do . . . 'This Mr. Risoli, You made him up, I bet! What's with Arthur Godfrey, sis, he call you today?' That sort of thing. They didn't get even the ripple of a rise out of me. Being an Arthur Godfrey fan from way back, I'd read a lot of articles about him and his shows, and how he works and knew that there is a waiting list several miles long for the Talent Scouts show and that my time, if it was to come, would take weeks and weeks.

"In April, I had a call from Mr. Risoli saying that the audition had come through."

Lu Ann's first consideration, of course —girls being girls—was "What shall I wear?"

"I figured I should have about four changes. You see," Lu Ann explained, "there isn't just one audition for the Arthur Godfrey show. Good things are never come by," she laughed, "that easily. The way it works, you go in, once your application is accepted—as mine was, six months after it was made—for the preliminary audition at which, out of the twenty-five or so contestants gathered there, ten are chosen. If you are one of the ten, as I was, you go back again, in a few days, for the preliminary producers' audition, at which the ten culled from the first audition perform. In the evening, usually the evening of the same day, there is the producers' audition at which four or five of the ten are chosen for the Monday night show. Monday afternoon, there is a rehearsal for the show and Monday night, the show itself!

"Mr. Risoli had explained all this to me so I should have, I figured, at *least* four changes. Mama and I put our heads together and decided on the little gray tweed suit for the first audition. The tweed would also 'do,' we thriftily agreed, for the preliminary producers' audition. For the producers' audition in the evening, I'd wear a bright-patterned skirt and little, gold-trimmed sweater—I love color, hate black and never wear it—and for the show itself, boldly assuming I'd get that far, I'd—well, for that, we declared, we'd go shopping! Which we did and bought me a pretty pale blue pastel crepe. A sort of dinner or cocktail dress, only I never take cocktails.

"And then the whole family, and most of my friends, helped me pack and there was a 'Goodbye and Good Luck' going-away party given for me. And, the next day, everyone I knew saw me off on the train, which I boarded laughing and crying, just about half and half!"

Lu Ann sang her song, "Don't Take Your Love From Me," and passed her first audition. A few days later, she was called for her second audition and passed that, too, also the third. ("She was 'in,'" says an eyewitness to the audition, "the minute she stepped on stage, even before she opened her pretty mouth.") And, on April 21, she was called to be on the Talent Scouts program. On the show, as for the audition, she sang "Don't Take Your Love From Me."

"Right after I'd sung, Mr. Godfrey called me out to take a bow and to congratulate me, and then I knew," Lu Ann said, looking shimmery, "that I'd won. It was Monday, April 21, 1952, at exactly ten minutes to nine. I was just so thrilled and excited and happy, I just cried my eyes out! But it was the kind of crying that's crying on the outside, laughing on the inside. . . .

"Then I was on the three following mornings, which is the usual thing. Now I'm on Mr. Godfrey's show *every* morning except Saturday. Mr. Godfrey himself," Lu An said proudly, "is the one who picked me to appear on his radio show every morning.

"When I met Mr. Godfrey for the first time, I was shaking like a leaf in a windstorm," Lu Ann laughed. "I was nervous when I went on the show, nervous when I got off, I'm still nervous . . . but not any more, of Mr. Godfrey. He is a fabulous man. But he is also the most *friendly* man. Friendly, and fatherly, too, is the way I've found him. Also *homey*. And a homey person is, as I guess you've guessed," Lu Ann added, "my favorite type!

"The very nicest time I've had since I came to New York last April is the weekend my cousin John and I spent at Mr. Godfrey's farm in Virginia. Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey and their two children and John and I rode and went swimming and sang and had wonderful food and lots of laughs and loved every minute of it. To John, who is Aunt Laura's son, and just turned thirteen—and wasn't it thoughtful and sweet of Mr. Godfrey to invite him, too?—it was, and probably will remain, the Red Letter Day in his life. You should hear him talk about it, to his pals!

"I make my home, now that I'm away from home," Lu Ann added, "with Aunt Laura on City Island. I wouldn't want to live alone nor would my parents be happy if I did."

Cinderella Simms is "sitting pretty," as they say in the trade. Very pretty, indeed. In addition to her spots on the Godfrey shows, radio and TV, she has a record contract with Columbia records, having recently recorded four sides with the Percy Faith orchestra.

Her fan mail is multiplying rapidly, mute testimony, if any is needed, that a star has, indeed, been born.

Cinderella Simms . . . the girl who has had the unique experience of having a dream she never dreamed come true. The girl who has (wouldn't you say?) everything. Except the prince and the glass slipper. But, some day, her prince will come, with the glass slipper, and it will fit. How can it be otherwise? For this is truly a Cinderella story!

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"TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES"

Every Sunday Afternoon **on 525 Mutual Radio Stations**

Her ring

she's Engaged

Adorable Margaret Curphey of New York to Herbert Barlow, Jr. of Providence, R. I. Their exciting plans: A church wedding to be followed by a European honeymoon.

she's Lovely

Every girl who meets Margaret longs to ask her beauty secret. Margaret's complexion always looks radiant—so fresh, smooth.

she uses Pond's

Margaret finds nothing cares for her skin as beautifully as Pond's Cold Cream. "It's just marvelous!" she says. "It leaves my face feeling *silky-smooth!*"

For a really lovely complexion, do this every night as Margaret does

Soft-cleanse—swirl satin-smooth Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat—generously. Tissue off—*well.*

Soft-rinse quickly with *more* skin-helping Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off again—*lightly.* Your face is immaculate, glowing.

"I've found a wonderful way to help my skin look its best," Margaret says

"IT'S ALMOST LIKE MAGIC, the way Pond's Cold Cream makes my skin look *so* much softer and smoother," Margaret says. "*You* should try it."

No wonder Margaret is thrilled with the lovely look Pond's Cold Cream gives her complexion. This special cream is an exclusive formulation of *skin-helping* ingredients.

Together, these ingredients work on your skin *as a team*—in interaction. As you swirl on Pond's Cold Cream, you help both the *inside* and the *outside* of your skin.

On the Outside—embedded dirt and old make-up are cleansed from pore-openings—immaculately. And, *at the same time*, your skin is given special oil and moisture it needs regularly. Your skin is never left harsh, never left dry.

On the Inside—the circulation is stimulated . . . helping the skin to repair itself and refine itself.

Like Margaret—and so many other girls—you'll be delighted with the fresh, lovely look Pond's Cold Cream brings to your skin.

Go to your favorite face cream counter and get a large jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

Try this skin-helping Pond's treatment yourself tonight

See a fascinating, immediate change come over your face

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Most effective chlorophyll discovery of the century for breath and body odors —now also *proven* the most revolutionary advance ever made in feminine hygiene.

"Doctors' tests reveal this 'all-purpose' chlorophyll

STOPS WOMEN'S *Special* ODOR PROBLEM!"

. . . reports Registered Nurse Mary L. Rhoad

As Nurse Rhoad explains: "Even women scrupulous in hygiene habits suffer from this embarrassing problem. It has defied elimination until now."

Scientific proof that taking High Potency "ENNDS" Chlorophyll Tablets safely stops odor of "difficult days" within the body itself!

"Recently, however, an important medical journal reported tests in which internal use of chlorophyll exceeded all expectations in stopping menstrual odor. In my personal and professional experience, "ENNDS" Chlorophyll Tablets prevent such odor as no past method ever did. And they're as safe as eating green vegetables."

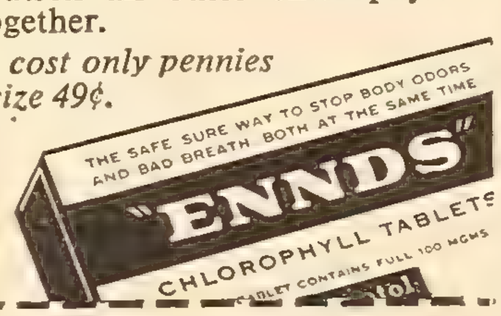
By all means, take Nurse Rhoad's advice. All through your menstrual period, take 3 or 4 "ENNDS" daily . . . and see how free you are — how safe you feel — from this embarrassing odor.

Stop Body and Breath Odors too

To prevent *all body* and *breath* odors at all times—from inside the body where such odors start, take 1 or 2 "ENNDS" daily . . . stay fresh as a daisy all day!

Remember . . . you're *safe* only when you take a fully effective dose of chlorophyll such as "ENNDS"! Each "ENNDS" tablet contains 10 times as much active, potent chlorophyll as chlorophyll mints or chewing gum. One single "ENNDS" tablet, in fact, contains just about as much chlorophyll as a whole boxful of chlorophyll chewing gum or a whole tube of chlorophyll toothpaste. That's why "ENNDS" outsell all other chlorophyll tablets put together.

"ENNDS" *cost only pennies a day. Purse size 49¢. Larger sizes even more economical. Available everywhere.*



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My Husband Couldn't Be More Wonderful!

(*Continued from page* 55)

He's wrong. He's the most exciting, romantic man I ever met. I know. I'm talking about my husband and I'm talking about a man I've known five years—been married to for three—which certainly isn't snap judgment.

Frankly, when Bill and I first met, marriage was just about the remotest thing in our minds. I, for one, was thinking of mayhem. You see, Bill was at Columbia University working for his Bachelor of Arts degree. I was on the neighboring co-ed campus at Barnard. Bill had a blind date with me for a school dance. He didn't keep it.

You can imagine how embarrassing it was when we were introduced in a college coffee shop a few months later. Bill had been sick the night of the dance, but he had managed to do a Cavalcade of America broadcast earlier in the evening. He didn't call because he felt that his excuse would be suspect if I'd heard his show.

He turned on the charm over coffee. He convinced me he had been really ill. I shook the ice off my shoulders and we got to talking. Among other things, I told him of my ambition to write radio shows. He asked to see my scripts to consider producing them on the campus station. My spirits soared sky-high, for Bill was not just another amateur like me. Although he was only twenty-one, he had better than eleven years' professional experience behind him, allowing for service in the Navy during World War II.

At first, our relationship was merely flippant and friendly. We worked together in the campus studio. We dated occasionally but informally. After our work, we went for long walks, even on cold, raining nights. I suppose this should have been a clue to both of us that we were growing to be better than friends. But love can be blind and blinding and so we didn't really know, not for almost a year, and it was funny the way we found out.

Bill had a girl friend who lived out West. She came to New York to see him. Bill said that he wanted me to meet her and we arranged to double-date. I was to go out with a friend of Bill's.

Well, the girl was very lovely and I suppose I felt a twinge when we met. All four of us went to a concert.

"It was a night of torture for me," Bill said afterwards. He was sitting several rows behind me and my date during the recital. "Every time I saw Bob put his arm over the back of your seat, even though he wasn't touching your shoulder, I burned up with jealousy."

The evening was even worse for me. Lacking eyes in the back of my head, I wondered if Bill was holding her hand and what he was telling her. The night taught us a simple, thrilling truth: We were in love.

That was in the fall of 1948. A few months later, Bill proposed as we were walking across Forty-Second Street in the midst of tremendous crowds. Bill pulled out his date book and asked, "Joan, what would be a good day for you and me to get married?"

We decided to wait until I was graduated in June, then marry as soon as we found an apartment. Well, we began looking immediately and continued after my graduation. No luck.

In October we just gave up and got married anyway. And Brooklyn did it.

Bill and I, you see, are both native New Yorkers and were living with our families. But the difference, and a big one, was that he lived in Manhattan and I was across the river in Brooklyn. Commuting between the two boroughs to work is one thing. Courting in the evening is another. Schedules for buses and subway trains are irregular at night. Bill figured on an hour to an hour-and-a-half traveling each way. It was murder for Bill getting home between two-thirty and three every morning. And so, in October, we got married.

The one thing they tell you—and it's very true—you never really know how complex a man is until you're married. Bill is an idealist but on the other hand quite practical. He is shy, blushing easily, but staunchly defends his convictions.

I could say that Bill puts up with my every whim. It's true, except that I'm not a woman of many whims. I think that I'm rather practical-minded myself. But he knows, for example, that I want to master this business of writing for television and radio. He does everything to help and encourage me.

"Man and wife shouldn't intrude on each other," he says. "If they can't help, they should just stand out of the way."

Bill's consideration expresses itself in many ways. We now have a two-bedroom apartment in Forest Hills. We also have a four-month-old baby, so there is always plenty to do. Bill pitches in without being asked and takes on any job, vacuuming, painting the screens or taking care of the baby.

David, our infant, is our great joy. And Bill is the most fatherly father I've ever seen. He's been that way from the beginning, from the day the baby was born.

He was furious all the time David and I were in the hospital. The hospital nurses wouldn't allow him to hold the baby and Bill could only see David behind a glass pane.

The day we left the hospital, Bill arrived with a practical nurse who was going home with us but Bill wouldn't let her carry the baby out.

"Give David to me," he said firmly.

He took the baby in his arms. One of the hospital attendants, more practical-minded at the moment, asked, "Who's going to carry the luggage?"

"It's not going to be me," Bill said and marched out with David.

When we talk about the baby's future, Bill says, "There are just two things I want him to be: Happy and self-reliant." Then he grins and adds, "What's the difference? They grow up, no matter what you do."

The baby has changed our way of life considerably. It's rare that we have a baby-sitter in for the evening. Instead, we make every effort to have our friends over several times a week, bringing social life to us. We seldom talk of radio or show business. Usually, it's sports, politics, babies and the usual thing you hear in most homes in this country.

He couldn't be more thoughtful. He may walk into the kitchen while I'm washing the baby's bottles and say, "You're beat. Go to bed. I'll finish up."

And he isn't just talking to sound good. He propels me right toward the bedroom if I seem reluctant.

I think I've given you a fair idea of what kind of a man and husband Bill is. He's easy to live with and we get along wonderfully. Perhaps our lives are very quiet but we're very happy.

"Maybe taking care of a baby isn't exciting to someone else," Bill says. "Maybe cooking on a picnic isn't exotic eating. Maybe sitting home and listening to music isn't adventuresome. But it makes us happy, and whatever makes happiness is good enough for me."

Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Standard Time.

Monday through Friday

Morning Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember?	Local Program 8:55 Gabriel Heatter	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:40 Betty Crocker 8:55 John Conte	Renfro Valley Country Store
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Alex Dreier, News Young Dr. Malone Brighter Day	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Mac McGuire Show	Breakfast Club	News of America Barnyard Follies Joan Edwards Show In Town Today
10:00 10:15 10:25 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing 	Cecil Brown Paula Stone Take A Number 	My True Story Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey Show
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Strike It Rich Bob and Ray Dave Garroway	Ladies Fair 11:25 Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Lone Journey Top of the World Break the Bank	 Grand Slam Rosemary

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Kate Smith Show Luncheon with Lopez	Curt Massey Time Capital Commentary with Baukhage 12:25 News, Frank Singiser Faith in Our Time	John Gardner, News 12:10 Jack Berch Kitchen Kapers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	 Merrill Mueller Dr. Paul	Cedric Foster Luncheon with Lopez 1:55 News	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Pickens Party Meredith Willson 	Say It With Music Paul Stone Music by Willard	Mary Margaret McBride Betty Crocker Tennessee Ernie	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	John Gambling		Hilltop House Art Linkletter's Houseparty Carl Smith Sings 3:50 Aunt Jemima
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	Local Program Mert's Record Adventures	Cal Tinney 4:25 Betty Crocker Dean Cameron	It Happens Every Day 4:05 Cedric Adams Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	Merry Mailman Wild Bill Hickock* 5:50 News, Cecil Brown * M-W-F	Big Jon and Sparky Fun Factory 5:55 Frankie Frisch	News 5:05 John Falk Hits and Misses

Monday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness Echoes From the Tropics News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Voice of Firestone 	Woman of the Year —Bette Davis Crime Does Not Pay	Henry J. Taylor World Wide Flashes Chicago Signature	Suspense Talent Scouts
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Band of America 	News, Bill Henry Crime Fighters War Front-Home Front	Paul Whiteman Teen Club	Lux Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Meredith Willson's Music Room News, John Cameron Swayze Al Goodman Music	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Bands for Bonds	John Daly, News Dream Harbor Time for Defense	Bob Hawk Show Edwin C. Hill Rex Allen Show

Tuesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness Echoes from the Tropics News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Silver Eagle	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cavalcade of America Red Skelton Show 	Black Museum—Orson Welles Dr. Kildare	Mayor of Times Square Escape With Me	People Are Funny Mr. & Mrs. North
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Martin & Lewis Fibber McGee & Molly 	News, Bill Henry Official Detective Mysterious Traveler	America's Town Meeting of the Air E. D. Canham News	Luigi My Friend Irma 9:35 Pursuit
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Two for the Money News, John Cameron Swayze Concert at the Capitol	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	John Daly, News 	 Music

Wednesday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness The Playboys News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Vaughn Monroe Great Gildersleeve 	M-G-M Musical Comedy Theatre Great Day Show	Postmark U. S. A. Valentino	Hearthstone of the Death Squad Dr. Christian
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Bet Your Life—Groucho Marx Big Story 	News, Bill Henry Out of the Thunder Family Theatre	Mr. President Crossfire	The Lineup What's My Line
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Barrie Craig News, John Cameron Swayze Dangerous Assignment	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	John Daly, News Dream Harbor Latin Quarter Orchestra	Boxing Bouts News, Charles Collingwood

Thursday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness The Playboys News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Rukeyser Reports Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Silver Eagle	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Roy Rogers 8:25 News Father Knows Best 	Modern Casanova—Errol Flynn Hardy Family—Mickey Rooney	Mr. Broadway Defense Attorney with Mercedes McCambridge	 FBI in Peace & War
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Silent Men Counter Spy 	News, Bill Henry Rod & Gun Club Reporters' Roundup	 I Cover the Story	Mr. Chameleon 9:25 News Bing Crosby
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Nightbeat News, John Cameron Swayze Election Preview	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	John Daly, News Henry Jerome Orch.	Hollywood Sound-Stage Dance Band

Friday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness The Playboys News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Mr. Mystery Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Your Hit Parade Bob & Ray Show 	Maisie—Ann Sothern Gracie Fields	Top Guy This Is Your FBI	Mystery Night
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Best Plays Al Goodman Show 	News, Bill Henry Magazine Theatre Hall of Fantasy	Ozzie and Harriet Corliss Archer 9:55 News, Win Elliot	
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Hy Gardner Calling Critic at Large News, John Cameron Swayze Bob MacKenzie	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	10:45 John Daly, News	Robert Trout, News 10:05 Capitol Cloakroom Dance Band

Inside Radio

Saturday

Morning Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Howdy Doody	Local Program	No School Today	Renfro Valley
9:00				News of America
9:15				
9:30	Anybody Home			
9:45	with Kathi Norris			Garden Gate
10:00	Archie Andrews	Local Program		St. Louis Melodies
10:15				Galen Drake
10:30	Mary Lee Taylor Show	Bruce MacFarlane News	Space Patrol	Smilin' Ed McConnell
10:45		Helen Hall		
11:00	My Secret Story	Music Meeting	New Junior Junction	News, Bill Shadel
11:15		Adventure on Thunder Hill		11:05 Let's Pretend
11:30	Hollywood Love	U. S. Marine Band	At Ease, with P.F.C.	Give and Take
11:45	Story		Eddie Fisher	

Afternoon Programs

12:00	News	Man on the Farm	101 Ranch Boys	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affairs			
12:30	Mind Your Manners	Fifth Army Band	American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
12:45				12:55 Cedric Adams
1:00	National Farm and	Music	Navy Hour	Grand Central
1:15	Home Hour			1:25 It Happens Every Day
1:30	Dude Ranch Jam-	Dunn on Discs	Vincent Lopez Show	City Hospital
1:45	boree			
2:00	Football	Football	Game of the Week	Music with the Girls
2:15				
2:30				Football Roundup
2:45				
3:00	Football	Football	Football	Football
3:15				
3:30				
3:45				
4:00	Football	Football	Football	Football
4:15				
4:30				
4:45				
5:00		Dancing by the Sea	Roseland	P.F.C. Eddie Fisher
5:15				
5:30	Author Speaks		At Home With Work	Treasury Bandstand
5:45	Key to Health	Pee Wee Reese	Club Time	

Evening Programs

6:00	News, Bob Warren	Smiley Whitley	Una Mae Carlisle	News, Ed Morgan
6:15	Earl Godwin News			Civil Defense Reporter
6:30	NBC Symphony	Pentagon Report	Bob Finnegan, Sports	Sports Roundup
6:45			Talking It Over	Larry LeSueur, News
7:00		Al Helfer, Sports	As We See It	This I Believe
7:15		Pentagon Report	Women in Uniform	7:05 At the Chase
7:30	Case History	Down You Go	Dinner at the Green	Gunsmoke
7:45	Friend of Faith	7:55 Cecil Brown	Room	
8:00	Bob & Ray	20 Questions	Saturday Night	Gene Autry
8:15			Dancing Party	
8:30	Tin Pan Valley	MGM Theatre of the		Tarzan
8:45		Air		
9:00	Pee Wee King Show			Gangbusters
9:15				9:25 Win Elliot
9:30	Grand Ole Opry	Lombardo Land		Broadway's My Beat
9:45				
10:00	Reuben, Reuben	Chicago Theatre of	At the Shamrock	Robert Q. Lewis
10:15		the Air		
10:30	Duke of Paducah		Dance Music	

Sunday

Morning Programs

	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Jack Arthur		Lyrically Speaking	Renfro Valley Sunday Gathering
9:00	World News Roundup	Elder Michaux	Milton Cross Album	Trinity Choir
9:15	We Hold These Truths			World News Roundup
9:30	Carnival of Books	Back to God	Voice of Prophecy	E. Power Biggs Organ Concert
9:45	Faith in Action			
10:00	National Radio	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15	Pulpit			
10:30	Art of Living	Voice of Prophecy	College Choir	
10:45	News, Peter Roberts			
11:00	Faultless Starch Time	Music of Worship	Fine Arts Quartet	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir
11:15	Morning Serenade			
11:30	UN Is My Beat	Reviewing Stand	Christian in Action	Bill Shadel, News
11:45	The Author Speaks			11:35 Invitation to Learning

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Viewpoint, U. S. A.	U. S. Military Band	Brunch Time	People's Platform
12:15	Chan's Fiesta			
12:30	The Eternal Light	News, Bill Cunningham	Piano Playhouse	Howard K. Smith, News
12:45		Frank and Ernest		Bill Costello, News
1:00	Sunday News Week	Fred Van Deventer	Herald of Truth	Invitation to Music—
1:15	"Mike 95"	William Hillman		James Fassett
1:30	Univ. of Chicago	Lutheran Hour	National Vespers	
1:45	Roundtable			
2:00	The Catholic Hour	Top Tunes With Trendler	Marines in Review	The Symphonette
2:15				
2:30				On a Sunday Afternoon—Eddie Gallaher
2:45		Dixie Quartet		
3:00	Elmo Roper	Jimmy Carroll Sings	This Week Around The World	Galaxy of Hits
3:15	America's Music			
3:30	Bob Considine	Bandstand, U. S. A.	Billy Graham	Music For You
3:45	Intermezzo			
4:00	The Chase	Under Arrest	Old Fashioned Revival Hour	Band of the Day
4:15				
4:30	Martin Kane with Lee Tracy	Private Files of Matthew Bell		Main Street Music Hall
4:45		Ed Pettit, News		
5:00	Hollywood Star	The Shadow	Buzz Adlam, Music	King Arthur Godfrey's Round Table
5:15	Playhouse			
5:30	Scarlet Pimpernel	True Detective Mysteries	Heart Strings	World News, Robert Trout
5:45				5:55 News, Larry LeSueur

Evening Programs

6:00	Sammy Kaye	Sgt. Preston of the Yukon	Drew Pearson	
6:15			Don Gardner	
6:30	Kukla, Fran and Ollie	Nick Carter	Here Comes The Band	Our Miss Brooks
6:45		6:55 Cedric Foster		
7:00	Meet Your Match	Affairs of Peter Salem	Three Suns Trio	Jack Benny
7:15				
7:30	Henry Aldrich	Concert Bands	Time Capsule	Amos 'n' Andy
7:45				
8:00	Phil Harris-Alice Faye	Hawaii Calls	American Music Hall	Bergen & McCarthy
8:15				
8:30	Theatre Guild of the Air	Enchanted Hour		Philip Morris Playhouse
8:45				
9:00		Sylvan Levin's Opera Concert	Walter Winchell	Hallmark Playhouse
9:15			Corliss Archer	
9:30	Dragnet	Music		Inner Sanctum
9:45			Alistair Cook	
10:00	Meet the Press	This Is Free Europe	Paul Harvey	Robert Trout, News
10:15			Gloria Parker	
10:30	American Forum	Little Symphony	Bill Tusher in Hollywood	The Choraliers

TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN CHANNEL 6 OCTOBER 11—NOVEMBER 10

Monday through Friday

7:00 A.M. Today • 4 & 6
Garroway gallantly arises before the sun to bring you (and cheerfully, too) news, special events and entertainment.

10:00 A.M. Morning News • 2
For sleepyheads, charming Dorothy Doan and newsman Charles Collingwood give a thorough picture of the day's doings.

10:00 A.M. Hometown • 4
A new, king-size dramatic serial, running one hour, five days a week, with a different story in each 15-minute period.

10:30 A.M. Arthur Godfrey Time • 2 (M-Th)
Simulcast of 15 minutes of the Redhead's popular radio show.

11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6
Warren Hull gives needy people the opportunity to help themselves with questions that pay up to $500 in cash.

12:00 Noon Bride and Groom • 2
You're invited to a real, live wedding with John Nelson, emcee, and Phil Hanna, singer.

12:00 Noon Ruth Lyons' 50 Club • 4 & 6
A homey get-together with affable Ruth and her 50 guests.

12:15 P.M. Love of Life • 2
Dramatic serial starring Peggy McCay with Paul Potter.

12:30 P.M. Search for Tomorrow • 2 & 6
Mary Stuart and Lynn Loring dramatize modern tensions.

12:45 P.M. Kovacs Unlimited • 2
A TV screen with shatterproof glass is recommended for Ernie.

1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2 & 6
Singers Denise Lor, Ken Carson and the more of Moore the better.

2:00 P.M. Double or Nothing • 2 & 6
TV debut of the new Bert Parks show with fast-paced comedy, high-spirited suspense on questions that pay $$$$$$ or 000000.

2:30 P.M. Guiding Light • 2 & 6 at 11:00 A.M.
The well-known radio serial with the same cast on video.

2:45 P.M. Houseparty • 2
Artful Linkletter, monarch of all in madhouse fun.

3:00 P.M. The Big Pay-Off • 4 & 6
Fabulous prizes, i.e. a mink coat, trips abroad, plus female wardrobes, make this one of the most exciting quiz shows.

3:30 P.M. Welcome Travelers • 4
Tommy Bartlett catches travelers coming and going for interviews.

4:00 P.M. Kate Smith Show • 4
Katy did and Katy does sing like a dream and femcee a big hour show of entertainment and guidance beamed at women.

5:00 P.M. Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6200 • 4
Daily drama based on the happenings in small American town.

6:15 P.M. The Early Show • 2
Excellent, full-length feature films for early evening.

7:30 P.M. Those Two • 4 & 6 (M,W,F)
Capsule-size musical comedy with comic Pinky Lee, Martha Stewart.

7:30 P.M. Dinah Shore • 4 (T,Th)
Warm, wonderful vocals all the way from the California shore.

7:30 P.M. Broadway Theatre • 9
Legitimate New York plays presented in their original forms.

7:45 P.M. Perry Como • 2 (M,W,F)
Perry, the perennial favorite, with the Fontane Sisters, the Ray Charles Chorus and the big band of Mitch Ayres.

7:45 P.M. Patti Page • 2 (T,Th)
Vocals by the gal who made the "Tennessee Waltz" a great hit.

7:45 P.M. News Caravan • 4 & 6
Picture and verbal summary of the day's news with Swayze.

12:00 Midnight All Night Show • 9
Freddie Robbins and guests sit up with you until 6:00 A.M.

Monday P.M.

7:30 P.M. Hollywood Screen Test • 7
Aspiring actors aided by a guest star, get a "screen test" under the direction of host Neil Hamilton.

8:00 P.M. Lux Video Theatre • 2
A compelling half-hour of theatre, well worth watching.

8:00 P.M. Winchell-Mahoney Show • 4
Ventriloquist Paul and his not-so-dummy Jerry with laughs, variety and a little quiz of "What's My Name?"

8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2
The very relaxed, very sociable, very popular Mr. Godfrey showcases new but professional talent for your approval.

8:30 P.M. Concert Hour • 4 & 6
Great performers, with Howard Barlow, in half-hour recitals.

9:00 P.M. I Love Lucy • 2 & 6
One of TV's most delightful situation-comedy shows starring titian-haired Lucille Ball and husband Desi Arnaz.

9:00 P.M. Lights Out • 4
Spook stories, sometimes supernatural, with Frank Gallop narrating.

9:30 P.M. Life With Luigi • 2
J. Carrol Naish stars as Luigi Basco, an antique dealer, in this new video series so popular as a radio comedy.

9:30 P.M. Robert Montgomery Presents • 4
Superb full-hour drama under adept direction of Montgomery.

10:00 P.M. Studio One • 2 & 6
One of the finest dramatic productions on television.

Tuesday

8:00 P.M. U.S.A. Canteen • 2
Jane Froman doubles as singer and hostess to servicemen.

8:00 P.M. Texaco Star Theatre • 4
The "Berling" point of the week as Uncle Miltie runs wild. Every fourth week (Nov. 4) the program, Showboat.

8:30 P.M. Red Buttons • 2
A terrific young comic, in a new revue, starting this month.

9:00 P.M. Crime Syndicate • 2
Semi-documentary melodrama, based on the files of the Kefauver Committee. Rudolph Halley frequently as narrator.

9:00 P.M. Fireside Theatre • 4
Original and strikingly effective dramatic productions.

9:00 P.M. Charley Wild, Private Detective • 5
Crooks don't run wild for long when Charley's on their trail.

9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2 & 6
Tension mounts in this story series to an exciting climax.

9:30 P.M. Circle Theatre • 4
Family fare—wholesome video plays based on American life.

10:00 P.M. Danger • 2
Suspense stories guaranteed to keep you on edge.

10:00 P.M. Quick on the Draw • 5
Entertaining charade quiz with Bob Dunn and Robin Chandler.

10:30 P.M. Candid Camera • 2
Humorous vignettes of real people caught in off-guard moments.

Wednesday

8:00 P.M. Godfrey and His Friends • 2 & 6
As loved as ice cream and popcorn, the Godfrey show continues into another season with Janette Davis, Frank Parker, the Chordettes, Mariners and others in the big hour variety.

8:00 P.M. I Married Joan • 4
Premiere on October 15th of the comedienne's new video comedy series. Jim Backus, who plays Joan's husband, is cast in the role of a domestic court judge.

9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6
The quiz show of drama as contestants relate pressing incentives for earning some of the big cash awards.

9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4
Week in, week out, this drama series shows versatility and craftsmanship in presenting original and classic stories.

9:00 P.M. Adventures of Ellery Queen • 7
Handsome actor Lee Bowman as the suave, slick sleuth.

9:30 P.M. Man Against Crime • 2
Ralph Bellamy, as Mike Barnett, roughs up roughnecks in his two-fisted crusade against the underworld.

R
M

7

TV program highlights

10:00 P.M. International Boxing Club • 2 & 6
The sports camera focuses on the big fight of the week.
10:00 P.M. This Is Your Life • 4
This month finds Ralph Edwards, of Truth or Consequences, bringing his other radio show to the screen. A new twist in drama.

Thursday

8:00 P.M. Burns and Allen • 2
George and Gracie appear every week this season with their great, laugh-provoking, comedy situations.
8:00 P.M. You Bet Your Life • 4 & 6
Groucho points the big cigar and Gatling-gun wit at contestants who have opportunity to earn huge cash awards.
8:30 P.M. Amos 'n' Andy • 2
A classic in popular comedy, Amos and cohorts make for rib-tickling episodes. Oct. 16 & 30. Alternating with—
Four Star Playhouse
Four great stars, Charles Boyer, Barbara Stanwyck, Dick Powell and Joel McCrea in Hollywood-produced drama.
8:30 P.M. T-Men in Action • 4
Semi-documentary thrillers based on U. S. Treasury records.
9:00 P.M. Pick the Winner • 2 & 5
Washington news correspondent Walter Cronkite moderates as Eisenhower and Stevenson supporters debate the great issues.
9:00 P.M. Dragnet & Gangbusters • 4
Two excellent crime dramas, based on real police stories, alternate weekly. Dragnet, Oct. 16 & 30. 'Busters, Oct. 23 & Nov. 6.
9:30 P.M. Big Town • 2
Pat McVey plays crime-cracking newspaperman, ably and beautifully assisted by blonde gal reporter Jane Nigh.
9:30 P.M. Ford Theatre • 4
A brand-new story series, especially filmed for video.
10:00 P.M. Racket Squad • 2
Petty rackets and swindles that take millions from the public get the one-two from Reed Hadley as chief of the Bunco Squad.
10:00 P.M. Martin Kane • 4
The genial private eye gives his personal attention to murders and other crimes too difficult for the police.
10:30 P.M. I've Got a Secret • 2
Emcee Garry Moore defies panelists to guess the mystery.
10:30 P.M. Author Meets the Critics • 5
30-minutes of verbal mayhem concerning topical books.

Friday

8:00 P.M. Mama • 2 & 6
The prize-winning, heartwarming story of Norwegian immigrants.
8:00 P.M. Dennis Day Show • 4
Benny's favorite foil in a video comedy of his own.
8:00 P.M. Ozzie and Harriet • 7
The Nelson family make their TV debut.
8:30 P.M. My Friend Irma • 2
The dazzling, dumb and delightful Irma played by Marie Wilson.
8:30 P.M. Twenty Questions • 5
Van Deventer and his crew play the long-popular parlor game.
9:00 P.M. Big Story • 4 & 6
Actors but in a real story of a real reporter who dramatically uncovers the biggest story of his newspaper career.
9:00 P.M. Down You Go • 5
From Chi, Dr. Bergen Evans with brain-teasers for his panel.
9:30 P.M. Our Miss Brooks • 2
Eve Arden makes a strong bid for top comedy hours in this new video show similar in format to the radio program.
9:30 P.M. Aldrich Family • 4 & 6
Notable for Henry and his laugh-loaded, teen-age problems.
10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Sports • 4 & 6
From Madison Square Garden, a leading fistic event of the week.
10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Stars • 5
Top-flight variety acts with comic-host Larry Storch.
10:45 P.M. Greatest Fights of the Century • 4
The greatest bouts of past years return on film.

Saturday

12:00 Noon Big Top • 2 & 6
Real circus entertainment for children from 5 to 105.
2:00 P.M. (Approx. Time) Armed Forces Football • 2
From Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles and other points, CBS will televise football spectacles played by service teams.
2:00 P.M. College Football • 4
A different major gridiron contest covered fully each week.
5:00 P.M. Italian Feature Film • 9
Films from the acclaimed Italian studios with English titles. Oct. 11, "Risky Game," Antonio Candusio; Oct. 18, "Two on a Vacation," Vittorio De Sica; Oct. 25, "Measure for Measure," Caterine Baratto; Nov. 1, "Buried Allies," Milly Vitle; Nov. 8, "My Song to the Wind," Giuseppe Lugo.
7:30 P.M. Beat the Clock • 2
Game contest as studio participants attempt to perform tricky stunts in prescribed time for prizes. Bud Collyer emcees.
7:30 P.M. One Man's Family • 4
One of the most beloved family series on radio and TV.
8:00 P.M. Jackie Gleason Show • 2
The irrepressible humor of Jackie with his great skits and pantomimes and a big revue of stars, dance and guest stars.
8:00 P.M. All Star Revue • 4 & 6
The colossal fun frolic featuring greatest comedians of the day.
9:00 P.M. Your Show of Shows • 4 & 6
The wonderful team of Imogene Coca and Sid Caesar in an hour and a half revue that features a guest star as host, Marguerite Piazza, Bill Hayes, Jack Russell and many others.
10:00 P.M. Balance Your Budget • 2
Bert Parks in a new quiz.
10:30 P.M. Hit Parade • 4 & 6
The ten winning candidates in pop tunes presented by Snooky Lanson, June Valli, Dorothy Collins, the Hit Paraders and the ever-present aggregation of Raymond Scott's band.

Sunday

4:30 P.M. Omnibus • 2
The most ambitious ninety-minute project of the new season with quality productions of every kind of entertainment.
4:30 P.M. Hall of Fame • 4
Drama devoted to the interpretation of inspiring events.
6:30 P.M. See It Now • 2
Handsome Ed Murrow forcefully presents events of the day.
6:45 P.M. Walter Winchell • 7
W. W. with items on world events, blessed events, etc.
7:00 P.M. Red Skelton • 4
The ebullient carrot-topped comic in hilarious skits.
7:30 P.M. This is Show Business • 2 & 6
Top-drawer variety show. Clifton Fadiman as host and moderator of a panel whose comments are to be taken with a grain of laughter. Panelists: Kaufman, Levenson and guest.
8:00 P.M. Toast of the Town • 2 & 6
Enjoyment and satisfaction every week with a variety of fine performers, Toastettes. Ray Bloch and host Ed Sullivan.
8:00 P.M. Comedy Hour • 4
A gay, rollicking fun fest starring different comics weekly.
9:00 P.M. Fred Waring Show • 2 (& 6 at 6:00 P.M.)
Versatile, wonderful music by Fred's grand troupe.
9:00 P.M. Television Playhouse • 4 & 6
An hour of your favorite Sunday-night video theatre.
9:30 P.M. Break the Bank • 2 & 6 at 6:30 P.M.
Bert Parks, the Dixie Dynamo himself, interviews and offers contestants the chance to reap thousands of dollars.
10:00 P.M. The Web • 2
The exciting mystery drama series for a late-night thrill.
10:00 P.M. The Doctor • 4
Warner Anderson, in the title role, is a kindly, philosophic practitioner who recounts stories of friends and patients.
10:30 P.M. What's My Line? • 2
Panelists try to guess the occupation of studio contestants.

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We Count Our Blessings

(*Continued from page 47*)

who is four, kept running over to the lunch counter, their eyes big as saucers.

Every time Creeley went after them, they'd start in again. "Pa, can I have my dime for candy?" "Pa, how many doughnuts can I get for a dime?" "I want my dime, Pa. The dime the soldier gave me."

I felt bad for the boys, but I felt worse for Creeley. I heard a stranger say, "Why don't they feed those kids?"

Creeley made out like he never heard, but I saw his hand go deep into the pocket of his torn blue jeans like he wanted to make certain the dimes were safe. Those two dimes from the soldier and one other dime of our own were every cent we had in the world.

And all poor Creeley could say was, "Now you fellows take it easy. Wait till we get to Michigan."

Michigan.

Every hope, every dream, we'd ever had was wrapped up in that one word.

The dream began back in Mississippi soon after Creeley came to the plantation where I was picking cotton. We took to each other right off.

One thing I liked about Creeley was his way of turning a joke instead of griping. Like when he'd try to make up for not being able to read nor write so much as his own name, by saying, "But I sure can listen to the radio."

What he lacked other ways he made up in gumption. He always tried to outwork men twice his size and even before our crops were finished, I knew the kind of man he was. Long before he got around to saying, "I ain't never going to be no millionaire, but I'd sure try to make you a good husband," I knew he was the man for me.

We got married and he went to ploughing at Rosedale. It was four mules to one person and the pay was three dollars a day, but Creeley kept at it. Even when all tuckered out, he'd say, "I sure want my kids to have a better life than I've had."

Yet, as the children came, that promise got harder and harder to keep. Picking cotton by the hundred, moving around from place to place, we never rightfully could call anywhere home. To send the girls to school, there's many a time Creeley and I went without eating just so as we could buy at the second-hand store a dress they would take turns wearing.

We were doing good if we could make so much as thirty-six dollars a month, but we kept looking for ways to better ourselves. Creeley, squaring his shoulders, would say, "There must be a place where a hard-working man can take proper care of his family."

Then came the day the place had a name. Michigan.

It was funny how we made up our minds. We'd run into people who had been up there picking fruit, but I guess we never believed their stories until the mother of a friend of ours came back South for a visit.

She brought a dozen jars of home-canned cherries with her. She gave us one. Long after the last spoonful was eaten and the kids had gone to sleep, Creeley and I sat talking. It would be wonderful, we thought, not only to have enough for yourselves, but some left over to give away.

That's how we decided to go. Benton Harbor, people told us, was the city to head for. It took us two years to save up money to start out. We thought of hitchhiking but feared we'd get separated or stranded. Our old car wouldn't make it, so we sold that for twenty-five dollars. After we'd bought bus tickets, we had six dollars and forty-two cents left.

We were down to ten cents by the time we got into Chicago and the soldier gave the boys a dime each.

That was thirty cents. How can you feed four active children and a baby on thirty cents?

It wasn't so bad while we kept moving, but in the depot, with three hours to wait between buses, we were all getting hungrier, dirtier, more tired.

Once I thought of buying some rolls and dividing them up. Creeley shook his head. "We got no way of knowing what we'll run into at Benton Harbor."

Benton Harbor. The name which had been a promise was turning into a cruel lure. I knew something was going to happen. We'd never make it. At the last stop, Jerline had copied me and said she wasn't hungry. Now her face had gone dead white.

For one crazy minute, I thought of crossing to the well-dressed woman who sat near us and saying, "Please, ma'am, can you give me a dollar? My big girl is going to faint, my baby's crying, my boys think we're being mean. We need your help."

I got so far as to push myself up from the seat. Then I knew Creeley would never stand for it. All Creeley had left in the world was his pride.

But my children were hungry. It was a bitter choice.

And then it happened. A tall, handsome stranger stepped up and said, "I'm from Welcome Travelers."

It didn't register. Nothing makes much sense when your stomach is gnawing and you're getting light-headed.

Talking to Creeley, he asked where we came from, where we were going. Surprisingly, Creeley, who usually is so close-mouthed, told him.

His name was Milt Parlow, the stranger said, then asked, "How would you like to come over to Welcome Travelers? You've heard our show, haven't you?"

Heard it? Many's the time I'd listened in, envying the fascinating people who told their stories to Tommy Bartlett. It never occurred to me we might actually see it. Seeing big shows didn't happen to people like us.

But this Milt Parlow offered some tickets.

I held my breath, hoping Creeley would accept them. If we could go there, we'd forget about being hungry.

Creeley saw the eagerness in my face, but he said, "Sounds pretty good to me. Only, do we have time?"

The booming loudspeaker announcing our bus answered him.

Mr. Parlow heard it, too. "Tell you what let's do. You take a later bus. You can have lunch at Welcome Travelers. Then, since you're all so tired, we'll get you a room at the Sherman Hotel where you can clean up and rest a little while."

Food, a place to wash, a chance to rest. I wondered if he had any idea how heavenly that sounded. I spoke up. "Please, Creeley, let's go."

I'd never seen a room like Mr. Parlow took us to. There were soft lights, deep carpets, and a long table just filled with good food. Mr. Parlow gave the boys each a plate. "Be sure you eat plenty. You've got a long way to go yet and we don't want you getting hungry on the bus."

I wondered if he had any idea what that food meant to us. The color came back to Jerline's face, the baby stopped crying, the boys just sat down and went at it.

As we ate, people came by and asked us questions. Then Mr. Parlow returned

and said, "Tommy Bartlett wants you to tell your story on the show."

I was sure I was going to be scared to death, but the next day, when Tommy called us to the microphone, it was like talking to an old friend. He's big and easy and knows what to say. He asked Creeley how much cotton he could pick in a day, and you should have seen Creeley as he said proudly, "A hundred pounds."

Then it was my turn to get excited. They gave us presents—clothes for all of us, things for the house we might have someday, things for the baby. But that wasn't all. Tommy said, "Our business manager, Les Lear, has phoned Don Stewart, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce at Benton Harbor. He's going to see if he can have a job waiting for you when you arrive."

That turned out to be most important of all, for when Mr. Stewart met our bus, put us up in the hotel for the night and gave us money for meals, he also told us the season wouldn't open yet for a month. However, he'd learned Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Wesner needed help to plant their crops and get their orchards ready. On their farm, we'd be able to go to work right away.

The Wesner farm turned out to be pretty as a park, with a tidy little house where we could live. We liked the Wesners, too. Hard workers both, they let us know right off what was expected of us, but they had a heart about it.

How much heart they have showed up sooner than you'd expect.

You'd have thought, with our problems solved, I'd have been able to relax, but I wasn't. I couldn't get rid of the feeling our luck was too good to hold. Creeley laughed at me, but I kept having a hunch something was going to happen.

It did.

I went out in the fields one morning, leaving the baby with Jerline. When I came back for dinner, he was fussy; when I was through that night, frantic Jerline met me at the door. "Jackie Dale is sick," she said. "Awfully sick."

I thought he was dead. His skin was bluish and he didn't even move.

I don't know what I'd have done if Mrs. Wesner hadn't come to the door just then. She knocked and said, "I brought a couple of jars of home canned vegetables for you. . . ."

She saw my face. Tears were streaming down. I couldn't stop them.

She flung the door open, got one look at the baby, and ran out shouting for her husband. To me, she said, "This child must have a doctor."

When you've lived the life of a sharecropper, needing a doctor and calling one are two different things. "He'll never come," I said. "We can't pay him."

"Nonsense," she snapped. "We'll worry about that later. We'll call our family doctor, and if he doesn't want to wait for his money, we'll pay him ourselves."

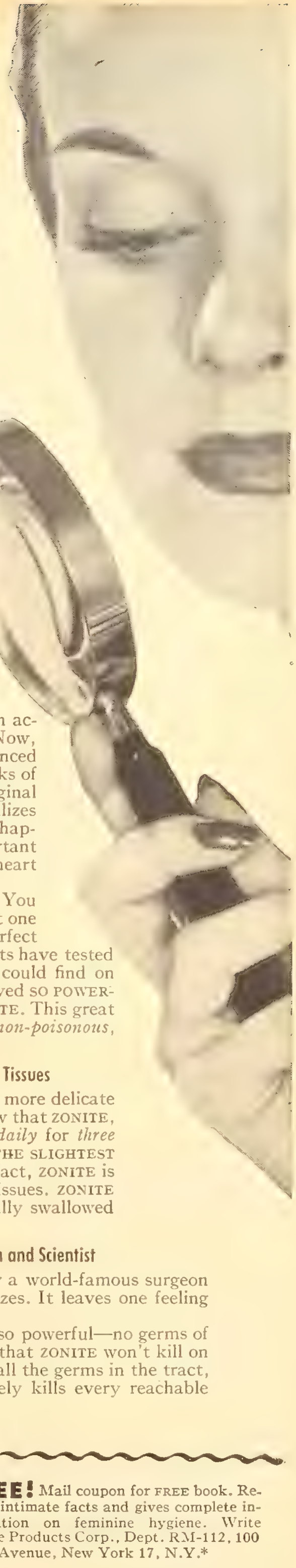
Thankful as I am now, I still hate to think of those next awful days.

Our baby, it turned out, had spinal meningitis and pneumonia. The doctor called a pediatrician and the pediatrician rushed little Jackie Dale to the hospital. Then they came out next day to give us all shots so we wouldn't get the meningitis. It was a state law, they told us, and because it was, Jackie Dale would have to stay in the hospital and the state would pay the cost.

That really scared me. But I needn't have feared. If Jackie Dale had belonged to the richest family in Benton Harbor, he couldn't have got better care.

Even after the baby came home, looking healthier than ever, that care continued. Busy Mrs. Wesner saw to that. Since we had no car and were ten miles out in the

Rabbit eye tests prove Zonite's *absolute safety to* body tissues in feminine hygiene



NO OTHER type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to tissues.

For years the need of douching has been accepted among better-informed women. Now, thanks to more broadminded and advanced educational facilities—women in all walks of life recognize and gratefully practice vaginal cleanliness. The modern woman fully realizes how important douching is for married happiness and health. She knows how important it is to keep her person dainty, 'sweetheart sweet' and free from offensive odor.

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The ZONITE principle was developed by a world-famous surgeon and scientist. ZONITE *completely* deodorizes. It leaves one feeling so dainty and CLEAN.

ZONITE helps prevent infection. It is so powerful—no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that ZONITE won't kill on contact. It's not always possible to kill all the germs in the tract, but you can *be sure* ZONITE immediately kills every reachable germ. Inexpensive.

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country, she'd stop her own work to take our baby in to the doctor's for checkups.

It's pretty hard to put into words the way Creeley and I feel about all the help which has been given us. Closest we can come to it is when Creeley says, "Up here, people care what happens to a stranger. This is the country for me. If I can get an inside job for the winter and make money enough to buy heavy clothing so the kids can go to school, this is where I want to stay."

I say that now we dare dream. We came to Benton Harbor in sheer desperation, knowing whatever happened it would be better than the way we had been living.

Now the future holds hope. I can even say what our aim is. I want, some day, for us to have a place of our own, enough land for a little house where we can live and work and raise our family in peace. We want our children to get an education so they can do better than we have done.

Creeley and I have wanted that always, but until Welcome Travelers and our Michigan friends helped us get a new start, we didn't dare say so.

On Thanksgiving, I shall sum it all up in one simple prayer. I'm going to say, "Thank you, God, for leading us to the kind of people who helped us find a future."

You Can Learn a Lot from Living

(*Continued from page 29*)

I recalled how impressed I'd been with the unusual interpretation from "King Lear" which the last year's winner had offered. In a sense of taking "the easy road," I, too, prepared a similar speech. When it came my turn to perform, I realized that the other fellow had not only been original but had presented his material in a far better manner. The judges realized it, too.

Then, not content with one mistake, I proceeded to make another. Disappointed at losing the contest, I was somewhat comforted by the knowledge that the judges had placed me in charge of presenting the three winners. I'll just make a quick speech and wow 'em, I thought to myself, say what's on my mind at the time.

I made a quick speech all right—I completely forgot every bright thing I'd thought of saying by the time I got on the stage. By lack of preparation, I'd really fixed myself. But—I learned two solid lessons. Even today, after years of being on the air and having to perform extemporaneously, if I'm to do the briefest of introductions, be master of ceremonies at any kind of affair, I prepare my material thoroughly. There is no "easy road" in any job.

And, as a result of my losing out in the Shakespearean contest because of imitating my predecessor, I make it a strict rule to steer away from imitation and use only our own creative thinking in my shows.

In our home, we let the three children learn by doing—they plan their own playtime for themselves and their friends—and a mistake or two now is helping them to learn to avoid similar ones in the future.

Because we're such believers in the fact that you learn by doing, Barbara and I spend as much time as possible with ten-year-old Christene, nine-year-old Gary and little six-year-old Lauren. It's easier to stand on your own two feet when you have someone around you who can encourage you in doing things the *right* way. Just as it's important to help our children over their hurdles at school with their work, so it is important for us to spend play days together. We're firm believers in the entire family vacationing together.

Recently, we spent a wonderful month at colorful Alisal Ranch, approximately 150 miles from Los Angeles. The ranch is a real, working cowboy ranch with beautiful accommodations—as different, however, from our Beverly Hills home as possible. The change gave the children a feeling of independence, as they saw and participated in strange and exciting new events. On the archery range, they learned how to handle a bow and arrow. Then, of course, there was swimming and horseback riding. A genuine cowboy, Bill Nicholas, taught them about handling the horses, showing them why certain ways with a horse are best, others harmful. Meeting Bill, and Lynn Gillham, the manager of the ranch, and hearing their stories of the lure of the old West—plus their becoming acquainted with other guests and children from other parts of the country—was a great experience for them, widened their horizons. Yet, with all this, we could keep a parental eye on them and indirectly help in such a way that they were unaware of our guidance.

Meeting new people and new situations developed new responsibilities in the trio. Gary suddenly became interested in money. We always try to enjoy ourselves without giving the children a feeling of exorbitant luxury. All parents have the same problem of trying to explain to their moppets why the family budget won't allow that little extra-special something. "No," Barbara would say, "we'd better not put that on the bill."

"Well," said Gary finally, "let me see the bill. I think I better know just how much we are spending."

And, like other parents, we had a problem on our hands. To a child, the values of money can only be explained in their own terms. Trying to itemize on an adult level would only confuse the issue and perhaps plant the seeds of insecurity in Gary's young mind. We remembered a similar incident with Christene, when a dollar in her young world constituted a fortune. We didn't realize she worried about money and the effect its shortage might have upon the family until she informed us a certain necessity cost ten dollars. "But do we have enough to buy it?" she anxiously asked. "Would we be broke if we did?"

What parent doesn't have to think twice in trying to teach the value of a dollar? The introduction of "Allowance" to our family still hands Barbara and me a chuckle. Christine had never heard the word until one day in school the teacher mentioned it. "Say," she asked that night at dinner, "how about this allowance the teacher was telling us about?" Barbara and I did our best to explain.

"I want an allowance," said Chris.

"Me, too," said Gary.

Barbara and I decided the time had come for the children to learn the twofold purpose of money—the thrill of working for it, and the responsibility of managing it. Parental admonitions of "Now you'll have to work for it" brought enthusiastic agreement from both parties.

But it offered a challenge to Barbara and me. Just what should our kiddies be paid for doing and just what should they do as members of society? It was decided that Chris should help keep the rooms straightened and Gary should help keep the playroom neat and see that the Cola bottles were put away, plus looking after a fresh supply for special occasions. The

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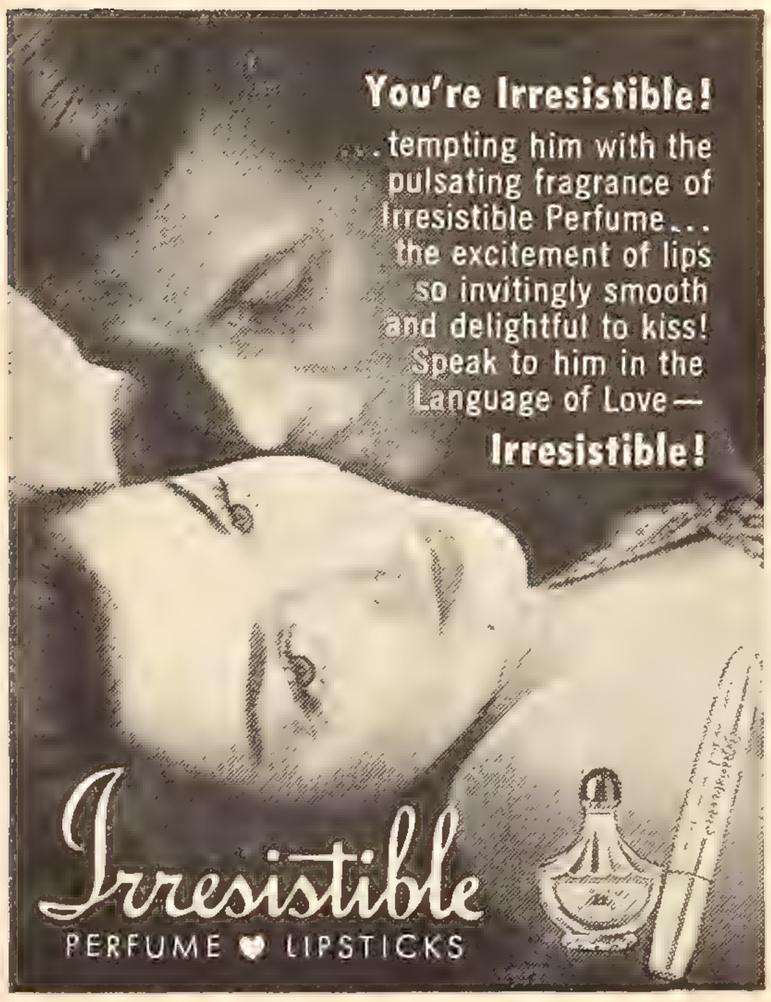

bottle refund was to belong to the children, too. This went over fine.

Then we all sat down to figure out just how much each child should receive. We counted school-supply money, luncheon dues, stamp coinage, etc., and a sum was agreed upon. But it wasn't as long as two weeks later before they realized the absurdity of the situation. They had been getting the same money before the allowance, and in essence performing the same duties. "We think," they informed us, "we understand about money. And we'd rather be paid when we *really* earn it."

"Like a paper route," said Gary.

"And baby-sitting or something," said Chris.

So we chalked up another lesson learned. And one more lesson learned for Mother and Daddy Edwards, too. Yet it's not always children from whom we learn human values, but our friends and associates as well. I've always believed in people, because I think you have to believe in people if you want them to believe in you. Even when I feel someone has taken advantage of me, I'm willing to give him another opportunity. It's just like my experience of taking the "easy road" in the Shakespearean contest—perhaps my friend too, is trying to take the easy road.

Giving of yourself honestly is the only way which pays off. I look upon the incident of the town once called Hot Springs, New Mexico, as my prize example. If Hot Springs, New Mexico, means nothing to you, perhaps Truth or Consequences, New Mexico, does. For this thriving community of 8,000 people literally adopted the name of our radio program.

It was in honor of our tenth air anniversary and an occasion I'll never forget. Because the citizens of this picturesque community so willingly took us to their hearts, I felt a bigger responsibility than I'd ever known. I had to live up to the expectations of 8,000 people. Because they gave me their town, I wanted to give them my loyalty and support. I was willing to give what I could of myself to every member of that town if necessary. I didn't want them to be disappointed.

We both pitched in—the townsfolk and my Truth or Consequences gang—to see what we could do for each other. And we're happier for it. Truth or Consequences is an excellent resort and health spot, and now they are nationally known because of their unusual name. Our gang gained not only the friendship of 8,000 new people, but a real sense of accomplishment and achievement in seeing the town grow into a thriving resort. I sincerely hope we can continue complementing one another.

My gang—most of whom have been with me for years and years—will never let me down. Or I them. We all have a common goal and interest in our shows, and we operate like one big happy family. In fact, the few parties Barbara and I have are usually shared with the gang from the show. In each and every one, we have a life-long friend. I believe there is great good in everybody and I'll keep working until I find it.

This is just one of the many lessons I try to pass on to my children.

We participate in church activities, school functions and neighborhood projects because we believe in giving to community endeavors. When you try to teach a child "loyalty," for example, they'll tend to give it a hundred-per-cent, all-out meaning. There are no reservations with this type of children's loyalty. By living with them and observing them, then, you can see that we are constantly reminded of the very things we are trying to teach. Believe me, it's a wonderful way to learn—and I hope we never stop learning.

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R
M

Born for Each Other

(*Continued from page 44*)

it—and frequently quite amused to think we once did talk that way. It seems so silly now."

"This fellow Bill Bauer is mixed up," Lyle goes on. "He is a sensitive, nice guy who tries to be right. He's quite mature as far as his work is concerned, a terrific salesman, but in certain ways quite immature. He's naive about people. He loves Bert, his wife; he's ambitious, and he wants a happy, well-rounded life for them both. But he sometimes does foolish things and upsets Bert. Of course some of the time he is completely right, and some of the time Bert is right, but each is always blaming the other for everything that goes wrong."

"That's a lot like the way we were in our argumentative period," Diana picks up the conversation. "Lyle, too, is sensitive, ambitious and serious, always searching for the values below the surface of things. Lyle has a gay, happy side, more than most people realize, but emotionally he sometimes has made things much more difficult than they need be. He blamed me, and I blamed him, and some of the time we were both wrong, just like the Bauers. But that's all over now."

"What happened to me—what happened to us," Lyle interjects, "is that things began to smooth out as a result of living a little more, experiencing more things, learning more about the real values, looking around at other people and realizing that they had problems, too, and were trying to solve them in the best way they knew. If we were mixed up, so were plenty of others. I suppose what really happened is that we went through the 'mellowing process' people talk about. Diana learned to trust me, I began to try to understand how she felt about things, and our rather explosive courtship and early years of marriage settled down to a good life. These are the things that have helped make me understand this fellow I play, and to enjoy playing him so much, because we're still a lot alike, he and I, emotionally."

The Sudrows were married in New York on November 1, 1942. Lyle is a lean, well-built, six-feet-plus blond, with blue eyes. Diana is a slender five-feet-five, with light hair and gray-blue eyes. Nicole, called Nikki, is an eight-and-a-half-year-old replica of her father in coloring and features. At this point, she is interested in dancing, singing, acting, and anything and everything that is close to the theatre. Since both parents have known show business from childhood, Lyle before he was eight and Diana since early high-school days, Nikki comes by these interests as naturally as growing up.

The Sudrows' "explosive courtship," as they call it, began when both had small parts in a road company of "My Maryland." Lyle, about twenty-two, with considerable show-business experience behind him, had come to New York to get singing roles in the theatre. He was born in Los Angeles, but had lived in several different sections of the country. Diana's home was with her folks, on Long Island. Lyle was trying to get into New York radio, and Diana had been in a number of Broadway plays, when they both landed chorus jobs in the musical, where each was singled out for a small speaking part.

"The first day of rehearsal, when I walked in and saw Diana sitting there with the other girls, I knew this was *it*," Lyle recalls, "but the show closed after two weeks and Diana went back to her folks. I took a room in a cheap midtown hotel in New York, and Diana let me go on seeing her."

Three weeks after their first meeting he proposed to her, but she laughed at this and thought what a mad young man he was. He proposed the fourth week, and the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth. Abruptly, he stopped putting his hopes into words. Sometimes, when they quarreled, he wasn't even sure she would ever see him again, much less marry him. Sometimes she made him so unhappy that he wasn't sure he ever wanted to see her again.

Things went along like this for about six months, with Lyle just getting a foothold on Broadway, when the Army took him. When he went to take his physical he felt sure he hadn't a chance, because of a punctured eardrum. "Unfortunately, I'll be back," he told Diana. He saw her forty-five minutes before the train took him to Fort Dix.

"After all our quarreling and our differences of opinion, when I knew Lyle was really going away from me I realized I was in love with him and had been all along," Diana says. "We had a big argument only two days before he went into the Army, but now that he was leaving I cried to my mother and told her I was the most miserable girl in the world. 'See what's happened,' I said. 'You didn't want me to marry him and I didn't want to get married, and now he's going away from me.' My mother realized I was really in love and that changed her mind completely. 'Don't worry,' she tried to comfort Lyle. 'She'll marry you.' Then I was embarrassed, wishing my mother hadn't said that. It was really quite a big scene!"

Lyle was sent to Fort Eustis, Virginia, for three months' basic training with the anti-aircraft Coast Artillery. As the months went on, he got away from wherever he was stationed whenever he could to visit Diana.

Early in his training he knew he had to make more money than a private's pay if he ever wanted to get married before the war was over. So he got a commission. His commanding officer announced one day that all men who wanted to try for OCS should take one step forward. "What's that?" Lyle whispered to a fellow next to him. "You mean you get to be an officer that way?" The man nodded, Lyle stepped forward. He telephoned Diana he wouldn't go through with it unless she would promise to come down to see him midway through the three-month course. When she did, he thought they should consider plans for getting married.

"It never was a real proposal," Diana still insists. "When I was ready to get into the cab that would take me to my train to New York, Lyle said matter-of-factly that I should go ahead and make whatever wedding plans I wanted. He just assumed we were getting married."

"The first proposal didn't count with her," Lyle breaks in, "or all those other times it had continued for the first seven or eight weeks I knew her. She wanted another formal proposal, but I had said it once and I had repeated it, and that stood for all time."

Lyle's commission in the Coast Artillery came October 29, 1942, and, when he got his first ten days' leave, he and Diana were married in St. Thomas' Church in New York. "Even two days before I got my leave, Diana phoned and said she wasn't sure she would marry me after all. We were quarreling over some foolish thing at the time. I got mad and told her the only reason I had gone through OCS was to get an officer's pay so we could get married. I suspect she was just acting difficult, as Bert Bauer sometimes does in Guiding Light, and I was being a little Bill

Bauer-ish by showing the same lack of understanding of women's moods that he does. Anyhow, we patched it up fast and when I got home Diana had everything planned."

It was quite a wedding. There were three best men, two of whom Diana had never met. An OCS buddy had come up with Lyle, and there was another childhood pal, Ted, and Will Geer, the actor, whom they had both been with in a show and who had been aware of their turbulent romance through all its stages. "Will passed the ring on to the Lieutenant, who then passed it on to Ted, who passed it on to me," Lyle described the scene. "One of our show-business friends had decided to hire horse-drawn hansom cabs to take us from the church, there being a thing called gas-rationing, but only one cab was available that day. We all piled into it and drove up Fifth Avenue. A crowd gathered to watch us come out of the church and get into the hansom."

"It was really a beautiful wedding," Diana adds. "I used to say, as lots of girls do, I never intended to get married, but just in case I 'did' get married I wanted everyone to know that 'Tales from the Vienna Woods' was to be played at the wedding. Nobody remembered to do anything about it in all the excitement, but as the guests arrived at the reception those beautiful strains were filling everyone's ears. It was the perfect touch."

After that, Lyle continued to pop up weekends from wherever he was. In 1943, he was still in the Army, when Nicole was about to be born; in fact, he was being transferred that December 8 from North Carolina to Fort Meade, Maryland. His orders were to leave North Carolina at 4 P.M. December 7, but at 1 A.M. Diana had called him and said the baby would be arriving soon. Frantically, Lyle spent the next twelve hours trying to persuade the proper authorities to let him get home in time to be with Diana. After going through all kinds of channels, he finally managed—by flying part of the way, then transferring to trains—to arrive in New York just in time to take his wife to the hospital and pace the corridors as a father properly should. Their baby was born December 8.

Two years later, at the end of April, 1945, Lyle was retired to inactive duty. Back in New York, he got opportunities in some musical shows but decided the theatre was too risky for a young man with a family to support. He hammered at radio, and was lucky enough to make a friend of the casting director of CBS, who gave him his first post-war assignment, which led to others. He was soon making his own opportunities and over a period of years was established as a sought-after young leading man, playing roles in about a dozen daytime dramas—Road of Life, Portia Faces Life, Dorothy Dix at Home, Laura Lawton, Young Widder Brown, Helen Trent, David Harum, Front Page Farrell, When a Girl Marries, Marriage for Two—and a few he has forgotten! He did commercial announcements, had television roles in Studio One and other leading TV shows, and got a solid reputation as a seasoned and successful radio-TV actor. Since Guiding Light is now on both radio and television, he has been concentrating on playing Bill Bauer in both mediums, a 9:30 to 6 P.M. schedule most days, what with separate rehearsals for each, completely separate broadcasts, and lines to learn at night for the television version. Diana, too, has been in radio and TV and will be continuing both this fall.

Lyle, Diana and Nikki like to make things, especially Lyle, who says he can't remember when he wasn't interested in mechanics and in creating things with his hands. Lyle produced much of the furniture and decoration in their attractive four-room apartment. He made a stunning pair of cabinets in the living room, of forest-green wood, with Chinese brass handles, and as time allows he is working on the screening to enclose the shelves at the top of the cabinets. A pair of love seats are his design, as is a handsome sofa, a coffee table and end tables. He designed partially concealed lighting under the bookcases he made to fill one wall. Another wall is covered with grooved or strafed plywood squares, cut from long strips of the material and placed so that the lines are horizontal across one square, and vertical across the next, with handsome effect.

The Sudrows live in an apartment building that frowns upon dogs, so they have a Persian cat and plan to add a dog to the household later on when they move. Diana wanted to name the cat Valentina—"something different," she said. "Oh, just let's call it something plain, like Sam," Lyle suggested. So they compromised and began to call the lovely creature "Pussycat."

Lyle has many things he wants to do in life. Meanwhile, unlike young Bill Bauer whom he plays, Lyle Sudrow has grown mature enough during these past few years to become aware of the necessity for a constant re-evaluation of life and work, which he feels is necessary for any person who wishes to remain happy. The years have indeed brought richness and goodness to this young couple who have weathered its storms—together.

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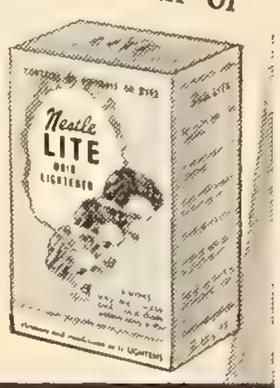

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What Love Did for Me

(*Continued from page* 35)

she's feeling, what she's up to, what I can do. We talk about what I'm attempting, and about Betty and the latest steps of Colleen and Elissa. She is my fine friend. Her decision to become this, when I was born, is typical of her and has blessed me with a very high regard for women. She has loved me wisely, never possessively. As the result, I never have been afraid to instinctively like and trust women. A man misses so much when he doesn't.

All through my growing up I was treated, basically, as an excellent friend by Mom. Perhaps her understanding of youth, which she'll always have, made this easy for her. She married at sixteen, the only one in her family who wouldn't let love wait while going on to college. She never wanted to rule my life. I was an individual who should fully realize all each year offered in opportunities. I was to figure out what was best, and had the power to do so, she always said.

I've always been attracted to real beauty in women, not the artificial sort —no doubt because Mom is beautiful in every way that counts. In appearance she still looks like my older sister rather than my mother. In her gracious manners, actions, and in her heart, she is genuinely beautiful, too. I looked for the same traits in romance, and have found them in my wife Betty.

Mom never asked me to do anything she didn't practice herself, and this logic appealed tremendously to me. When she met my father, he was a war hero, already completely disabled and faced with rebuilding his life somehow. He had to court and support her on his small pension. She knew this, adored him anyway. So I never have concluded women are eager to be mercenary towards men.

Mom, at eighteen, when I was only running around my grandparents' big house with inexhaustible energy, courageously determined to start adding to our pension. She began to sew and embroider for extra income, working entirely at home in order to watch me. She wouldn't take an outside job until I was six. Then she sewed blouses in a factory, first taking me to school and getting off at 3:30 P.M. to pick me up and bring me home. She didn't continue, once she was sure I knew my way, but she never let me feel forsaken.

Taking an interest is not merely talking about your intentions. Mom—and Pop—were intensely concerned with everything I did, but always in a helpful and never in a cramping way. I was an only child, but I never was spoiled. I had loads of young uncles and aunts and cousins and was used to sharing everything with them. I always could invite any of my school friends home. Getting along with people is an elementary lesson Mom taught me at home. Now I like my friends, want my home to be the most hospitable of places, because that was how I was brought up. I expect Colleen and Elissa to bring rafts of school friends home, for our house belongs to our daughters as much as to Betty and me.

I don't think you have to force anyone to do what is right, if you love them enough. Mom expressed kindness in her every move, so I got the idea early, without any stern lectures. I was busy at school and enjoyed teen-age things healthily. Every summer I had three months at the beach. My grandparents have a big summer house at Wildwood, New Jersey, and it was crammed with the family. I have memories I'll always treasure, and more—I acquired the habit of being happy at the slightest chance. Is that a sin? Not to me. I don't see any purpose in being grim simply to make yourself miserable.

Naturally, I wondered what I'd do, and again Mom left it up to me to pick my future, just as Betty now presumes I am man enough to function thoughtfully as husband and father. Mom imagined she might send me to college to become a lawyer, since I liked to argue the other side whenever anyone was dogmatic in an opinion. That did it.

"Mom, I want to sing!" I said then. I was seventeen, still in school.

"If you really mean this," she answered, "then I'll never mention law again. I just knew certain courses would have to be taken if you were heading for it. But, if you're going to sing, how about private lessons in Italian? After all, we have our own particular accent. You must have the purest Italian diction for opera!"

So she paid for a year of private lessons for me, and this gave me the assurance in pronunciation I needed as a foundation for operatic roles.

"I'm your friend," Mom always said, and proved it every day. "If anything goes wrong, come to me or your father. We want to help you. But we have faith in your intelligence, in your ability to become your own true self!" It seems only yesterday that I was standing by Mom back in our front room in Philadelphia, hearing her say that. Because my folks were this way, I want them near me now. They are more than ever my friends, for with the years they have grown as persons, have never slipped into a stodgy rut. They're interested in everything, and that makes them welcome. As soon as I completed my first film, I moved them to California. I see them at least once during the week, and every Sunday they spend the day with us. My children have the joy of affectionate grandparents, and this is another satisfaction to me.

My marriage never disturbed my mother. She didn't want me to remain single, and calmly was certain that at the right time the right girl would come along. She and Betty hit it off from the moment they met.

Betty has the same womanliness as Mom, beneath her outward charm and good humor. I can't stand cheapness in a woman—or in a man—and Betty never lazily supposes a substitute is sufficient. She quit an excellent job and married me when I hadn't a cent, and she has all the old-fashioned domestic, family virtues Mom has, plus the same excitement over modern comforts.

"I'm always looking for the shortcut!" Betty vows with a contagious smile, when praised for the smoothness of our household. Discovering more effective ways to do the job was her work in a Douglas plane-building plant. I like a lot of surface commotion, and contribute to it, but underneath I want everything to run with the utmost smoothness. I can't relax, can't be spontaneous, if I'm not sure the essentials are taken care of thoroughly. Betty is as much of a genius, in this respect, as anyone I've ever encountered. I can always depend upon her to have our house ready for anything on a moment's notice.

Betty has remained the sweetheart I married, and what husband can ask for more? Betty still won't go to bed with her face creamed and her hair in curlers. She has too much pride, too much sensitiveness to my fondness for her ultra-feminine sweetness. If she has any

beauty tricks, I don't know them. She has an amazing knowledge of diet, has always been exceptionally active, so I don't think she has to resort to elaborate rigmaroles. She sets her own hair when I'm not around.

Betty never has pushed me aside for other duties. A husband comes first with her. Whenever I have to travel, it never occurs to us to be separated. Much as we like the feeling of a permanent residence, our home isn't just a material thing for us; it's the spirit that counts, and what we put into wherever we are each new day will make our surroundings cheerful or sad. I know we will travel whenever I've enough free time. Betty and I have seen most of the United States, a bit of Canada, and we've been to Hawaii. We dream of Europe and South America and India.

So far, there's been no chance to go because I've been under long-term movie and radio contracts that have kept me in Beverly Hills. I've planned for years to study opera in Italy before singing at the Metropolitan. I was offered that break seven years ago, when I knew ten operatic roles. But I don't think of the Met as a try-out; I want to be unquestionably ready to live up to all its traditions, and I feel this means more study for me first.

We want to buy a house in Beverly Hills, but we continue to live in a rented one until we can get what we wish. Last spring we located a dream place. We drove by it every night after we heard it was for sale. We figured out the changes we'd make. At the last minute, the terms seemed too steep. Betty has the same common-sense attitude towards money I have. It's meant for happiness. Still, solidity is more important than any debts. We have no passion for keeping up with the Hollywood Joneses. Now we're considering buying a lot and building. Betty has a couple of scrapbooks bulging with the "super" ideas we've spotted in magazines.

How can a husband begin to list all that the love of his wife means for him? Betty's tenderness is my haven when I'm upset. She is not only sympathetic, gently understanding and right there at my side, but her optimistic outlook arouses mine. After all, nothing is blurred as long as we have each other. I'm glad Betty has confirmed my belief that love doesn't need an artificial outside whirl to keep it going.

Love means excitement, and we have plenty from the minute we wake up. We all try to make the most casual thing an occasion, and it's astonishing how much zest this can put into living. We hate to complain, because the Lanzas are too fascinated with the possibilities to linger over temporary disappointments.

We're incessant readers, Betty and I. The best books, the latest editions of our favorite newspapers and magazines—we can't resist them! Then we have to discuss what we've just learned. Love means this outpouring, never a walled-off, cold self-centeredness. The more interests each of us has, and shares, the fuller our lives.

Some day, I'm determined to buy a ranch where I can breed horses. When I was a boy I cut out pictures of horses and collected a big boxful. My mother still has them. I've read every journal on horses for years. Colleen hadn't been three for a month before she was riding as I wished I had at that age. We bought Sugarpie—the pony Betty Hutton's little girls had—for Colleen, and her pride and skill atop him is a sight that thrills me. I've taught her to swim, too.

I have a strong feeling about fatherhood, as you might have suspected. I think children rate the best that can be obtained for them, and that parents must always be close—emotionally and literally. A sense of security starts at home, not at school or in hit-or-miss experiences. A father should not be too busy, or too tired, to lead and advise his children. I want my girls to get along well with men because they'll always be able to recall getting along great with me. I never will put my foot down arbitrarily, and I began explaining even when I was sure they couldn't yet grasp my meaning. They could detect my intention. I feel a parent must be as polite to a child as he wants the child to be to him. The parent must make the correct moves first.

So I am far more thoughtful, thanks to my daughters. I saw that exploding in their presence would alarm them, so I stopped it. On Colleen's first day at nursery school this year, she painted her first picture there, along with the other youngsters of three. When she and Betty ran into the house, after Betty went after her, I was genuinely as excited as Colleen and her mother—and showed it. We framed her first painting and put it over the living-room mantel that night!

My children don't run me and I don't run them. I know they need continual reassurance, that I must make my love and appreciation of their efforts very evident to them. In return, they can become a part of a loving family, earn their individual niche. I will aways listen to them, always care.

This December we're welcoming our third child. A son would be sensational. A third daughter would be the challenge this father will find exactly to his liking. True love, I know, has no limitations.

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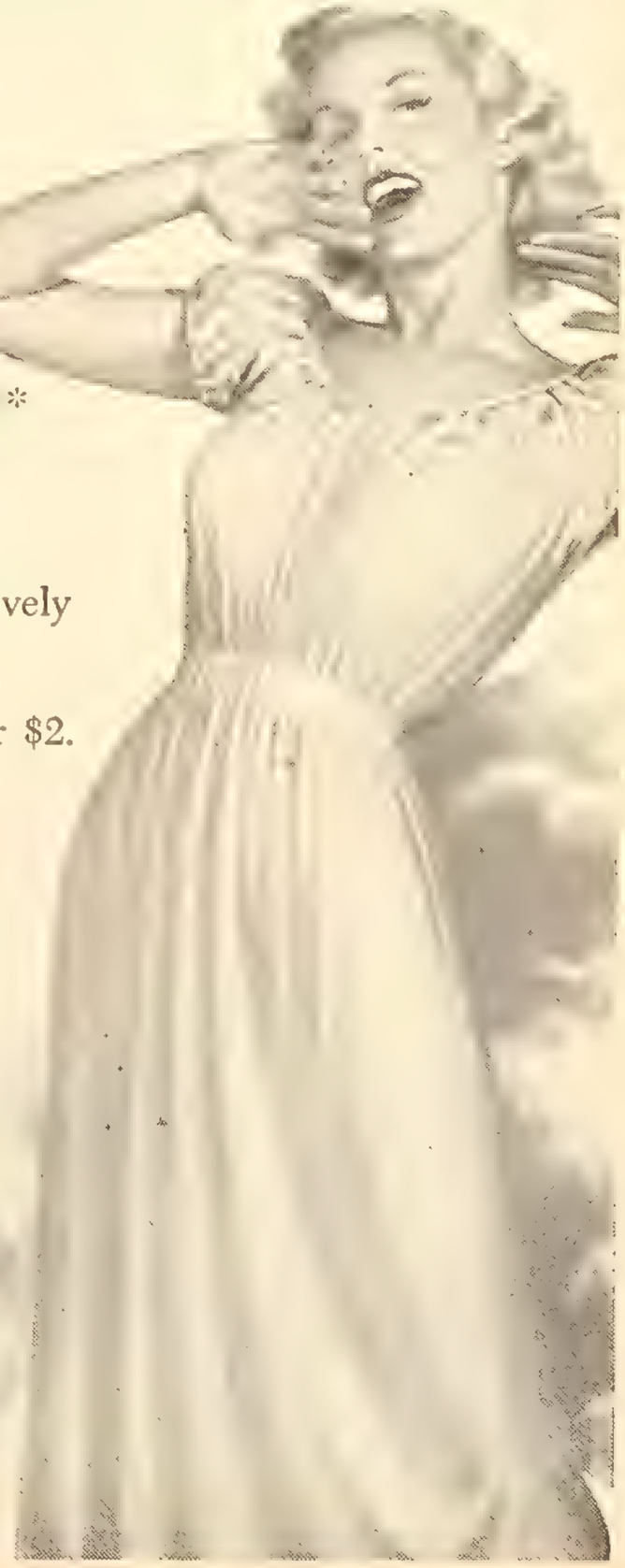

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Masseys' Paradise

(*Continued from page* 33)

is asleep, this happy family speeds 170 miles north to paradise, their own special paradise which they have created with their own heads and hands. In Spanish, Alegria—the name of their 2500-acre ranch—means "joy." In Curt's vocabulary, it stands for contentment—real contentment, earned from knowing he's contributed something worthwhile to the ones he loves.

Curt was raised on a New Mexico ranch with seven brothers! He remembers the joys of seeing the early corn send its tender green shoots up from the earth, he remembers the smell of new-mown hay, of watching the animals with their cycle of birth and growth and old age, of special pets loved and loving and, most of all, that feeling of freedom to explore and learn and grow. All these wonders he wanted his family to know and love.

This dream did not come to realization overnight. Curt worked hard and eventually was able to acquire a ranch in New Mexico. This became impractical because of its long distance from the home where he must make his living. Finally, Curt sold it and prepared to buy another one within commuting distance on weekends from his Beverly Hills home.

"I read the want ads every weekend," Curt recalled, "until one Saturday I saw a description of a ranch that sounded just like the one we wanted. Luckily, it was situated near Alpine, a small community where my brother lived. A quick call to have him look over the property brought immediate results.

"I had gone to Lakeside Golf Club, to enjoy a few rounds of my favorite sport, when my brother called back. He told Edythe he had just looked over 'our new ranch' and we'd better get down right away to sign the deal. Edythe caught me coming off the ninth hole and whisked me away immediately. I've never had time to play golf since!"

The 2500-acre ranch was just what the Masseys wanted. The rambling, picturesque countryside included a trout stream, hunting grounds, and a small but rustic ranch house. It was perfect, not only for Curt to make into a real working ranch, but perfect, too, for Davey and Stevie to try their wings.

At this point in the ranch's career, the boys are ready to solo. They've toured the countryside on their ponies, Crackerjacks and Peanuts, been fishing in the stream, fed the chickens, milked the cows, looked after the family pets, taken on the branding of cattle, and even panned for gold. The Massey ranch came complete with an old abandoned gold mine.

"It's hardly worth anybody's effort," laughed Curt, "because there's so little gold in the earth it would only bring about two dollars a ton. But Stevie and David consider this their own special project and may end up richer than any of us."

Eleven-year-old Stevie is the industrious member of the team. He arises at dawn, much to the whole family's amazement, and proceeds to make griddle cakes—"which nobody likes, but we have to eat them." Stevie takes special pride in stocking the ranch's pond with ducks which the family brought from home.

"We were gifted with everybody's Easter and May Day pets," laughed Curt, "until one day we had a real carload. The kids were naming them on the way down to the ranch. 'This one,' said Stevie, 'is Huey, this one is Dewey—'

"'And this one,' spoke up David, 'is Smelly!'"

To Stevie, the ducks were perfectly beautiful, no matter what the odor. He intended taking no chances with their safety by leaving them alone and unprotected on the pond at night. So he spent one entire day making them a pen. The family watched with interest as he cut blocks of wood to make three sides and topped them with wire netting. He had rigged his pen, minus a fourth side, beside the pond, allowing for the missing side to be the entrance and exit. Any night prowler would have to swim the pond to get to the ducks, and this was fairly impossible.

At the end of the day, when the pen was completed, Stevie was exhausted. He looked up at his parents and announced, "You know, when I grow up, I'm going to be the guy who draws up the plans!"

Weekends and summers are spent at the ranch, and you can absorb plenty of ranch life in that time. The boys have learned whether they can fall off a cliff or not, as Curt terms it. In short, they have learned to look after themselves.

"We ran free when we were kids," said Curt, "but I can look back and see the dangers. Now we let our children run free, but with supervision. They know the difference between harmful insects and snakes and the friendly variety. And they are beginning to ride like veterans."

Six-year-old Davey, who likes to take things easy, is learning to saddle and unsaddle his pony. "But he takes his own time with everything," laughed Curt.

Recently, the Masseys had a guest for the weekend. At an early hour, the guest arose (as guests usually do) and prepared breakfast for the whole gang. "Gong, gong," went the big dinner bell at 6 A.M. "What's that?" muttered David, rousing himself on one elbow.

"That's Bud," explained Curt, "and he wants us to get up and eat."

"We oughta sue him," murmured Davey, falling back on the pillow, and quickly back to sleep.

"Maybe David has the right idea after all," grinned Curt, "with his take-it-easy policy. The boys have an aunt who gifts them with twenty-five-dollar Defense Bonds for each of their birthdays. We've explained to both of the boys about the nature of the bonds and that we are putting them away for their education. This is fine with Stevie, who wants to go to agricultural college, but Davey has his own idea.

"'Stevie can go to college,' he said, 'but I'll cash mine and just buy a cow, then go down to the ranch. The cow can do the rest!'"

No matter what his sons decide for themselves, it's fine with Curt. The added responsibilities of ranch life will equip them for a richer life, he feels. But the important thing is the present. A home is a place for a family to learn and grow. To the Masseys, Alegria is a place where the whole family can learn together. To the Masseys, Alegria does stand for Joy!

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RADIO-TV MIRROR!

Sharing a Child's Heart

(*Continued from page* 61)

is room in a child's heart for many people."

Often, when Robin and her mother are out together, some stranger will smile at the little girl whose face has now become so well known, and say, "Hello, Dagmar. Where's Mama?" "It makes me so happy," Faith Morgan smiled quietly. "I think it's a fine thing that she is now so closely identified with this program of family life that people actually think of her as Dagmar, the little girl with the loving Mama and Papa." Robin herself talks happily about having "two sets" of parents, "and both wonderful." Eagerly, Robin explains that, in addition, she gained a brother in Nels and a sister in Rosemary, her brother and sister on the show. "I already had a mother and father of my own but no brother or sister until I went on the Mama show," Robin adds.

"In Peggy Wood, Robin has found a friend who has taught her many things about the theatre," Mrs. Morgan says humbly. "She has helped Robin immeasurably. Peggy even gave Robin the little gold jug-of-plenty which she had worn around her neck on a chain during her thirty years in the entertainment world, a talisman my daughter will always treasure. Being warmhearted, Robin makes everyone around her want to make her happy, but we feel this is a very real tribute from such a great lady of the theatre."

Robin's love branches out to embrace practically everyone she knows. Papa Judson Laire responds by combing the shops for special things he thinks will please her. Peggy buys her handsomely decorated Ukrainian Easter Eggs when that holiday comes along and now she has a choice collection, and at Christmas and on her birthday (January 29) they all outdo themselves to find gifts she will enjoy. With her husband, Bill Walling (Robin calls him "Mama's real Papa"), Peggy searches for trinkets and painting sets and games and play kits that will keep Robin's hands busy and useful.

Special dolls are made for her. One year producer Carol Irwin and writer Frank Gabrielson gave her all the characters in *Little Women*. Sometimes the dolls commemorate something amusing that has happened on a program. When Robin became probably the first little girl to see her very first cow being milked on an upper floor of Grand Central Station in New York (where the broadcast comes from and where the cow-milking was a part of the annual Christmas script), Judson Laire appropriately marked the occasion with a gold miniature cow, Hilda, and a donkey, Olaf, as souvenirs for her. Director Frank Nelson and the rest of the cast and crew are equally thoughtful.

"Robin's love includes all the relatives, and all the pets, of all the people she likes," Mrs. Morgan comments. "When the Hollisters (Carol Irwin and her husband, Paul Hollister) sent her a bouquet at her dancing school recital, in which she played the title role of 'Alice in Wonderland,' Paul included an extra one from the dogs, Daisy and Toots, whom Robin adores and who followed close at his heels when he went into the florist's shop. Robin was delighted."

Judson Laire, a bachelor, speaks of himself as Papa to Robin as naturally as if he really were her father. When the cast visits him, as they frequently do visit one another's homes, he will bring out the pictures taken during a vacation and tell Robin, "See, here is your Papa in Paris. And this one of Papa was in front of that little theatre I told you about in London."

"All these little things show how completely everyone has taken Robin to their hearts," Faith Morgan points out. "How could any mother resent such genuine interest in her child or feel jealous because the child responds so affectionately? If Robin were not and had never been an actress and had been put into any other surroundings, I believe something of the same sort would have happened. It happens to many affectionate children, unless the mother thwarts it."

Unfortunately, some mothers have a difficult time concealing resentment of the daughter's affections for others. "I know one mother who doesn't seem to realize that she herself is at fault, by giving meager interest to her child, insisting always on doing only the things she likes to do and never meeting her child halfway. This is definitely a case where the shortcoming is in the mother and the daughter is, therefore, showing preference for other people. She is getting the love and understanding outside her home which she should have within the family circle.

"Another child I know used to spend a great deal of time with us because her parents felt they were too busy to bother with her. They were willing to pay any expenses for admission fees to movies and other entertainment, if only Robin

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and I would include her in our Saturdays and Sundays together. Some day, they may wonder why their daughter prefers the companionship of others when she is older, at a time when they may enjoy having her with them. Love has to be earned, even from one's own children. And when you have what Robin and I share, a firm belief in the power of prayer, it brings you that much closer."

Although Mrs. Morgan feels strongly about the closeness of the tie between children and parents, especially when a child is still quite young, she feels also that it is in the strength of that tie that a child can have the greatest freedom. "Freedom and security go hand in hand in every relationship," Mrs. Morgan believes. "With the security of my love behind her, Robin can make some of her own friendships and fill her life with new things and new experiences. She can come back to me always for understanding and guidance.

"Every child of school age has to be given latitude. No mother can follow her child around all the time. I don't hover over Robin during the parties which the cast has after the program, at Papa's or Mama's or Aunt Jennie's, perhaps. I leave her alone, because I am trying to teach her that some day she must be a self-reliant person who cannot lean too much on anyone, not even on me. Not because I wouldn't want her to, but because it would be wrong to let her—and because the time may come when I am not here. When she is with people I trust, I try to let her feel she is an individual, because I believe this attitude will help her to become one."

Since Robin has been an actress for most of her ten years, it has been harder for Faith than it is for most mothers to keep Robin's life normal. The little girl was only five when she had a record and story-telling radio program of her own, and it has required a little extra wisdom and work to make her life follow the usual pattern of childhood. It does at school, a private seminary she attends in Mount Vernon, near New York, where she is now beginning seventh grade and is a star pupil, having maintained the highest average in her classes for the past three years.

"There is certainly no aura of the actress around Robin at school," Mrs. Morgan says. "She has to work for everything she gets, just like the others. Marks are things you have to win fairly, and Robin has won them by paying attention to her studies. No one wants even to seem to favor her. For instance, she might have been chosen at least once to be Queen of the May, but because she is an actress no one would suggest such a thing. When Robin got a New York State Musical Festival medal, it was hard-earned by long piano practice.

"At home, she leads a thoroughly normal little-girl's life, helps with the housework when she can and loves to cook. So far, her specialties are hamburgers and corn muffins and cup cakes. Sometimes she takes a few samples of her baking to rehearsals, and she's as proud of the compliments on her cooking as she is when they tell her she has done a specially good bit of acting."

To Mrs. Morgan, it's a wonderful thing for her child to inspire good will and interest. Far from feeling the slightest jealousy, she is proud that Robin has been able to draw others to her with all the warmth in her ten-year-old soul. She was only seven when she began to play Dagmar, so she has practically grown up on the program.

"Robin is mine as much as any person can belong to another," she sums it up, "but some day she will go out into the world and be a complete individual in her own right. Even now I am trying not to hold on to her too tightly but to let her grow. I do this willingly and confidently, knowing that as long as we love each other I have nothing to fear, no matter how many others her heart embraces."

Perpetual Honeymoon

(*Continued from page* 41)

clown . . . far from that. But he is a born optimist and humorist with an ability, second to none, to turn a phrase.

"And such a disposition! Just made to balance mine. I'm inclined to explode, particularly if I think something is wrong or somebody has been wronged. David takes things more in his stride . . . is seldom ruffled. He has that wonderful ability to see both sides, and come up with a harmonious solution. He's trying very hard to train me along those lines . . . temper those first off-the-top-of-the-head opinions of mine. To date there's been some improvement shown, but I'm afraid David still has quite a bit of work ahead of him. Besides all this, he's most attractive. Undoubtedly I'm somewhat biased, but people tell me justifiably so.

"But there I go getting way ahead of myself. Even though I suspected a lot of these things about him, like anybody else I couldn't be sure. I knew *I* was putting my best foot forward, and our whirlwind courtship—met in August, 1942, and married seven months later on March 12, 1943—didn't give me much time to see whether he was doing the same thing. Actually, I've never been able to catch him in any pretenses . . . which is considerably more than I can say for myself.

"I'm sure that to most people, with the possible exception of traveling salesmen and their wives, our marriage must seem, shall we say, 'unusual.' You see, in the nine-and-one-half years we've been married, we've been together only about half that time. After our first extended honeymoon, David spent two-and-a-half years in the Army. Then at the close of the war he entered the State Department as a Special Press Advisor to the International Conference Division, a position he has held ever since. It's a wonderful and really exciting job, but it is the reason we're so much and so often apart. And, of course, it's the reason I've been on a constant honeymoon.

"Sometimes I think our marriage has been just one first meeting after another. Not really, of course, but when suddenly, after an absence of anywhere from six weeks to five months, David sticks his head in the door, I find myself fleetingly wondering what changes have been made. I suspect he wonders the same thing about me. Fortunately, the five-month junkets are few and far between . . . his average trip being closer to six or ten weeks. Of course there's always a celebration upon his return. The extent of the celebration most often depends upon the advance notice I receive, which is sometimes a brisk twenty-four hours . . . or less. If I know of his return in sufficient time, we often have two or three friends in for a small but festive dinner. Or sometimes I just prepare an extra-special table for two. Occasionally, just to avoid any

routine, we have our first dinner and evening 'on the town.' I must admit to one or two occasions when the advance notice was so short that it seemed the best surprise I could possibly prepare for my wandering husband was a supply of freshly ironed shirts. As a matter of fact, that's exactly what I did on his latest return trip . . . presented him with ten shirts hot off the iron!"

Helen is no slouch with an automatic ironer, either. Her handling of this scientific contribution to the modern housewife is one of her greatest fortes. On television Helen is the girl who demonstrates the ease with which the automatic ironer can be used . . . has even been called upon to iron a shirt blindfolded before her TV audience. With her eyes wide open, she can whip out ten shirts in one hour and five minutes!

On one or two occasions Helen has gone along on trips with David. In 1947 she went along to the Inter-American Defense Conference held in Rio, where—aboard the USS *Missouri*—she had the happy experience of meeting President Truman and General Marshall. It was on that same trip that she met the late much-publicized Evita Peron, once the first lady of Argentina. In fact, the list of notables Helen has met and talked with is somewhat staggering . . . even to herself.

"The trips with David," continues Helen, "were most exciting and loads of fun. Well . . . most of the time they were fun. However, on a number of occasions the protocol did floor us. By nature I'm a casual person—stand on no formality. Protocol was just a word to me. A word I thought I need never worry about. But I found out differently . . . found out that, when in the diplomatic corps, diplomacy is of the essence! David spent hours preparing me for this trip—what to do, when to do it, and how to do it. I think I did fairly well until it came to meeting President Truman. I had spent what seemed like hours rehearsing, 'How do you do, Mr. President.' But, as you might expect, when the actual moment arrived, I, gay as a lark, sang out, 'How do you do, Mr. *Truman!*' David didn't beat me . . . but I wouldn't have blamed him if he had. I've spent the last five years trying to console myself with the thought that other people had probably made the same mistake. I couldn't be the only one—could I?

"I can't always go with David, so I do the next best thing. As David visits a country, I read everything I can lay hands on about that country—its politics, social problems, and such. Then when David returns we can discuss his trip intelligently—that is, I can be intelligent about what David is discussing. Actually, I'm no different from any other wife who likes to be able to talk to her husband about his business. In my case, however, my husband has a different business—a different country—every few weeks or months. And I'm kept on my toes keeping up with him . . . and world affairs."

To make up for their long periods of being apart, Helen and David try to be with each other as much as possible when he's working around New York. They have a small, compact, and most attractive apartment in Manhattan. Here they love to study *together*, paint *together*, and build *together*.

"There is almost nothing in the line of furniture building and constructing David can't do," explains Helen. "When nobody else has designed furniture to meet our particular—and sometimes peculiar—requirements, David takes up the pencil and ruler and solves the problem. Following the pencil and ruler comes the saw, and following the saw comes me with the broom, dust cloth and vacuum. At this I'm very good, but when it comes to the hammer-and-nail department, I do just what I'm told to—nothing more, nothing less—and hope for the best. Whether it turns out for the best or not, there is always one thing we can count on—*fun!* Of this there's plenty in our home. And, then I'm a little lonely during David's trips, I just think back on the fun we have when we're together and in a short time feel better."

As you might expect, Helen is a self-reliant young woman . . . blessed with a considerable amount of self-sufficiency. Otherwise she would undoubtedly find these enforced periods of living-alone-and-liking-it unbearable. As it is, she merely rolls up her sleeves and goes to work.

"You can be sure, if you see or hear me on a nighttime show," she observes, "that my husband is wandering again. When he's home in the evening, so am I. Another thing I do, when David's away, is take advantage of the time to visit all my old friends. I don't know how much they appreciate this, but, until they put a period on it, I'll continue being the visiting widow. Then, of course, there are always my studies . . . the studies that will keep me up-to-date with my husband. Very often David and I will work on a study project while he's home. Then, when he leaves, I continue with my book-learning so that David, with his on-the-spot education, won't get too far ahead of me.

"We did this not too long ago when David learned his next assignment would be in Russia. Naturally, neither one of us knew a word of Russian, but we both felt that if David had at least a slight knowledge of the language, it would be beneficial to him. As for me, I'm just plain fond of languages . . . my major in college. So we hired a tutor and tore into it—or was it the other way around? Russian is an extremely difficult tongue, but until you've attempted to master even the alphabet, you'll never really appreciate what we went through. According to David, it was worthwhile . . . at least he knew enough to be able to say no with the self-assurance that he had said what he meant. According to me, it was worthwhile . . . the study was so difficult, absorbing, and time-consuming, that before I knew it—or was prepared for it—David was home and I was busy being a housewife on my umpteenth honeymoon."

For Helen Lewis, her life is perfect. She has a career she loves. She has a husband she loves even more. Her interests are many, and constantly changing. Almost without exception, they are interests she and her David share. Her marriage will never—can never—bog down in the ruinous rut of routine. Even though she has moments of loneliness . . . and who hasn't? . . . she always has the consoling thought that, when David comes home, life will again be as exciting and wonderful as it was during those first three months in 1943.

Some women have no honeymoon. Most have one. Helen has them by the dozen!

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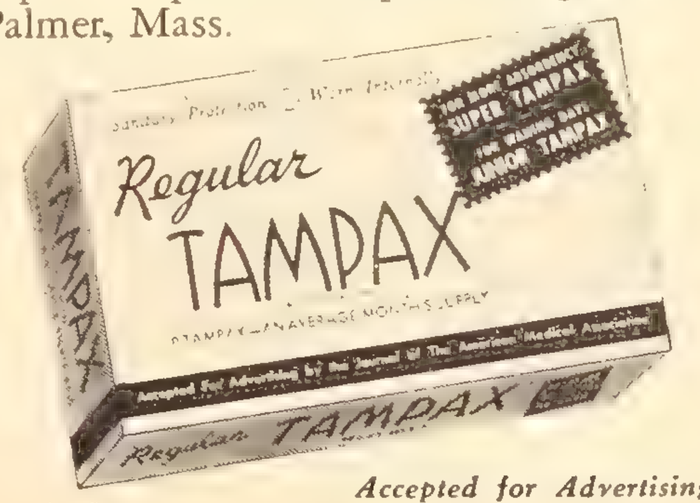

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You'll find it in full measure—
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ROSEMARY—through the

What changes fear can make! Ours was such a happy-looking family album but did that joyous grin ever belong to me? I've been afraid to face the facts, the memory of my husband's passion for another woman.

valley of fear

I couldn't break the chains that bound Bill and me to the past— until one dramatic moment of decision

by Rosemary Roberts

WALKING home from Mother's house, our footsteps sounded loud along the quiet streets. Springdale at night . . . I had almost forgotten anything could be so peacefully quiet. I drew a deep breath and slipped my hand into Bill's, grateful and relieved at his instant answering pressure. He'd been so quiet all night at Mother's I hadn't been sure just how he was feeling.

"Rosemary." His voice was quiet, too, pitched to the general stillness. "It's strange, isn't it . . . walking along like this. Almost the way we used to when we were first married. Strange that so much could happen in between, and yet to look at us from the outside we might be those same two people."

"We are the same two people." Determinedly, I kept my voice light. That was what I'd decided to do, whenever memory threatened to raise up the past few months for either of us. Keep it light, brush it off, turn it away . . . it didn't bear remembering. Eyes straight ahead, that was the idea. For the time being. Until it was far enough behind us. . . . "The same two, only smarter and knowing enough to count our blessings. Darling, smell that smell, will you? Doesn't it do something to you? Lilacs and roses and magnolias and (*Continued on page* 92)

Rosemary is heard over CBS, M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, sponsored by Ivory Snow. Virginia Kaye, Robert Haag and Marion Barney are pictured here in their radio roles as Rosemary Roberts, Bill, and Mother Cotter.

Bill's friendly smile disappeared—he was afraid to live again, after all those terrible accusations.

My gentle mother was afraid—afraid I shouldn't leave Bill alone in New York. And how right she was!

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plain fresh-cut grass all mixed up together."

"It's kind of late for lilacs and kind of early for roses, isn't it? But I know what you mean . . . it's the essence of the town." He drew a deep breath, too. "Smells do take you back."

I felt a quick, furtive stab of fear, but I didn't stop right then to analyze it. I clutched his hand even more tightly and said gaily, "I forgot to tell you about our rose bushes, Bill! They're going to bloom after all, isn't it wonderful? Me with my brown thumb! But I knew from the minute we stepped into that house that everything about it would be perfect."

"The most perfect thing was your mother and Dr. Jim letting us have it rent-free," Bill said soberly. "The minute I'm back at work I'm going to make them take every cent it's worth, back rent and all. If I'm ever back at work in this town, I mean."

"Oh, Bill! You promised—"

"I promised not to moan and beat my breast out loud, didn't I? I'm sorry, darling. Only. . . ." He shook his head. I waited, my breathing suddenly difficult, for him to go on. "Sometimes I wonder if this town really wants us back. The family, naturally—the ones we know and love—that part's wonderful. But the others, Rosemary, the good citizens of Springdale —how can they possibly want among them a man who's been accused of murder?"

"And acquitted, completely, absolutely acquitted by the dead woman's own confession! Don't start telling yourself half-truths, Bill, please! Don't suffer needlessly. It's over. We're back. We're going to stay and be happy; believe me, darling, there's no decent soul here who wishes us anything but well."

"How about our pal Duffy?" Bill's voice was bitter.

"I said *decent* soul." I pulled my hand from Bill's. "I won't spoil this wonderful night arguing about Edgar Duffy, Bill Roberts! He's the least of my worries right now."

"I know. I'm the worst." We were turning in at our own gate now, and both of us lingered a moment to look at it, to savor once again the incredible security of the blue-painted door, ours to open with our very own key, ours to close behind us to shut out the world whenever we felt like it.

In a flashing second of pain, I saw the sleek, modern door that had opened upon our apartment in New York. The door we should never have opened; the door that had led us into pain and tragedy and near-death for Bill. . . . I squeezed my eyes shut until the image was gone. Bill put his arm around me and we went inside. In the entrance hall he held me back. "Just one minute, darling. Come here." He put his arms around me and we stood close together in the darkness. My heart beat painfully. I knew he wanted to say something that was coming hard, and I didn't know how I could help him.

"Rosemary," he whispered against my hair. "I don't know how to say this exactly. Just . . . I'm sorry. I'm sorry I was so stupid and quiet at your mother's tonight, when they were all being so great to me . . . I'm sorry I couldn't get more excited when Dr. Jim mentioned the job he thought I might be interested in . . . ."

"The press relations job with the hospital? It's all right, Bill . . . I mean, you don't have to jump at the first thing that comes along. I'm sure Dr. Jim understood that you—"

"But *you* don't understand! I want that job! Want it—I'd be crazy if I didn't!"

"But Bill—" I pulled away, trying to see the white triangle of his face in the dimness. "Why didn't you say so? I mean of course you did say so, but you didn't—you didn't really act interested. He probably thought you were just being polite. You didn't—oh, darling, it doesn't matter!" Suddenly I was afraid I was sounding too critical. Bill was still so shaky; it wasn't right or fair to expect him to act like a normal, well-adjusted person, not for a while to come. "It doesn't matter. We'll talk about it in the morning."

"It does matter," Bill said tightly. "It matters that I just can't get excited about anything. Nothing seems to get through to me, Rosemary. Nothing but you, and being together again. Apart from that, the rest of the world is just—something out there that can go hang for all I care. But you can't live like that! You've got to get out and come to grips with life! I know it in my mind . . . I just can't make myself do anything about it. Oh, Rosemary!" His arms tensed around me. "I don't want to fail you again. You've been through enough!"

The prick of fear went through me again. The fear I wouldn't stop to face . . . Gently I pulled myself out of Bill's arms and turned him around, to go upstairs. "Not tonight, sweetheart. Don't think about it tonight. You're tired, and I'm tired. It will all come right, you'll see . . . just as long as we are together. . . ."

It wasn't the comfort I should have offered. I knew it; it was weak and soft and it evaded the real issue. And after all it wasn't even true, for although Bill went to sleep almost at once I tossed and turned until it was almost dawn. So I couldn't have been so very tired. . . .

We were both rather quiet the next morning. It was a beautiful July day, brilliant with sun and warmth and promise; but our bright kitchen didn't catch any of the day's radiance. It was *us,* I knew. We were both withdrawn. I was almost glad when Bill, dutifully finishing the eggs he didn't want and two cups of coffee he probably shouldn't have had, finally went out and left me alone. I wanted to be alone; I wanted to think. We'd been back in Springdale for several weeks now, and in all that time I'd been evading thought, concentrating on action, on doing the next thing that came to hand.

Sometime I'd have to sit down and think. I couldn't disappoint Bill like that again, the way I had last night. I had to be equal to talking to him, even talking about the past if necessary. Maybe I'd been wrong; maybe the way back to strength for him was to face the past, rather than to press it down and try to forget it. Maybe that was the way for me. Those little flurries of fear that went through me . . . Bring them out, Rosemary, I told myself sharply, as I washed the pretty Italian breakfast set Mother had given us as one of her homecoming presents. When Bill said that about smells taking you back, you felt scared . . . wasn't it because you suddenly were afraid he was remembering Blanche Weatherby and the perfume she used?

I didn't have to answer; the answer was right there. And when I finished the dishes and tidied the house I had made my decision. Outside on our back lawn there was a wonderful old maple, beneath which Bill and I had dragged a table and a couple of chairs. We sat there sometimes at night; and a couple of times we'd had lunch and dinner out there.

But I'd always avoided sitting out there alone during the day. I'd been frightened of the peace and relaxation I was sure would steal over me, frightened of letting down the bar I had placed across my mind to imprison the past. *But, if all it takes is the least relaxing of your guard,* I told myself today, *if the memory is so*

strong and urgent, let it come out! The good old purging system, maybe that's the way to draw the teeth of the past! Sit down and close your eyes and just let it come . . . and maybe, who knows, you'll feel completely cleansed and renewed when you open them again.

I took a basket of mending out, in case Bill or one of the family surprised me. But in the leafy shadow of the tree the basket lay idle on my lap. I felt as though I were keeping a date with destiny . . . I'd known all along that one day I'd come out here and sit down by myself and have it all out. . . . Some things I wouldn't remember. I knew that. They'd been too dreadful, too painful; they just wouldn't come back. But maybe just the things that swam naturally to the surface would be enough. If I was harboring any lingering resentment or criticism of Bill, maybe this was the way to get rid of it.

I looked my fill at the Springdale midmorning, and then almost without volition my eyelids drooped and images began to form, swimming slowly into the foreground. Letters. The tall black screaming letters of a newspaper headline: *Roberts' Wife Repeats Husband Innocent As Trial Opens.* And below it a picture of Bill, worn and hollow-eyed, with me beside him and slightly in front of him, looking as though I'd like to throw my arms out and keep the world from coming a step closer.

My stomach tightened up in that familiar knot, and I shivered and opened my eyes. For a minute, I was sun-blinded. Then the leaves trembling overhead, the white fence edging our lawn, the sight of a fat, greedy robin stabbing at his mid-morning lunch, brought me back to reality. It was over, over, over. New York and the whole ghastly episode were behind us. I could stop throwing my arms out to protect Bill from the accusing world . . . I gasped, and the robin lifted its head and flew away.

What a queer thing to come into my mind, that I'd been protecting Bill. And that I could stop doing it now. Did that mean I was tired of it, resentful of it? Was that what was bothering me? Or was it still Blanche Weatherby I resented . . . even after all that had happened . . . still the fact that there had been another woman in our lives that made me feel this curious inability to go all the way toward Bill. . . ?

I closed my eyes again, and the pictures came back. That spring—how long ago, two years, three?—when Bill first showed his restlessness. Dr. Jim, my stepfather, had offered him a wonderful job as press relations man for the new Springdale hospital, and none of us could understand why he didn't jump at it. Then I found out it was New York he was hankering after . . . the big city, the bigger opportunities. I was ashamed of my misgivings, so I never tried to impress them on Bill—my own fear of the city's size and complexity and excitement.

"I'll get used to it," I told Mother with assumed confidence, and she always answered, "Well, of course you will, Rosemary, and it will be so wonderful for Bill's career." But the anxious look she gave me always belied her words. Mother knew I was hoping hard that the big New York job Bill went to see about wouldn't work out. And I think she was the only one who knew how really scared I was when, suddenly, it *did*, and Bill set off for New York in high excitement, eager to get started, insisting that I follow him just as soon as I could tie up all the loose Springdale ends and get away.

I suppose those Springdale details seemed terribly unimportant to him, with all that lay ahead beckoning him on so brilliantly. To rent our house, to settle about the furniture, to cancel the phone and the milk and the gas and light services . . . could anything have been more trivial to a bright young advertising man with a big new job at one of the most important agencies in the East?

I didn't even try to tell him that part of the reason I lingered was that I hated to say goodbye to Springdale. The wide, tree-bordered streets, the friendly, fresh-looking houses, the gentle pace of it . . . I kept stalling, writing him that one more week would see me finished and on my way. One more week would get my wardrobe into shape, and then one more week again because Mother wasn't altogether well and I didn't want to leave Patti and Jessie responsible, because they were really so young.

Mother began to get on my nerves then, because she kept insisting my place was with Bill. Particularly after that jubilant letter from him that said he'd found an apartment. "And what an apartment, Rosemary! An out-of-towner's dream of the big city! Miles up, a penthouse, with all the works . . . I'd never have found it—as a matter of fact I was beginning to wonder if I'd ever find anything!—if good old D. W. hadn't come through." D. W. was Bill's boss, Mr. Wilson.

"It's his daughter's, and she's just coming back from a divorce in Mexico or Reno or someplace and wants no part of it, so D. W. worked it out so we can sublet it from her, and wait till you hear the rent. The whole thing is so fantastic it just doesn't happen in New York these days, with the way housing is, but it has happened to us. Isn't that an omen, darling? Hurry up and get here, I can't wait to show you the view from the Roberts penthouse. . . ."

It left me with almost no excuse for delay. I carried it around for a whole day, I remembered now, before I showed it to Mother, because I knew what she'd say. "Of course it's an omen," she echoed Bill's letter. "Now you hurry up, Rosemary, and the girls will come over and help you pack. You're missing all the fun of beginning a new adventure at Bill's side, darling, where you belong!"

I knew I was being childish. I should have written back that I was coming at once. But I phrased it more carefully; I just couldn't pin myself down. And very shortly afterwards came Bill's next letter, which said: "Probably you're right; there's no real rush. It's a big step, coming from a little place like Springdale into this madhouse. I love it, but I can understand your wanting to take it a bit more slowly. Don't let me push you, darling. But come soon!"

Was it the same letter, or the one after, that said, "Found a cleaning woman, with Blanche's help. You know, it's a funny thing how wrong you can be about a person you're close to. Take D. W. and the stuff he fed me about his daughter—you know, the one whose apartment we have. I got the feeling she was one of these skinny, jumpy, neurotic women, always on the go, always partying and drinking and carrying on generally . . . and what turns up? Honestly, Rosemary, one of the nicest gals you could meet. . . . Of course, she is a bit on the jumpy side; so would anyone be with the kind of marriage she's just gotten out of. But the kid's plain lonely, and trying not to show the world how miserable she's been—now wouldn't you think her own father would be able to understand that? She knows her way around this town like a taxi driver. She's been a big help."

Now as I sat, months and months later, in my sun-drenched garden, I could feel my heart hammering, memory flooding

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back in waves of dread. Introduction to disaster . . . that letter, and the few that followed. I hadn't waited for too many more. All the things that I'd claimed had been keeping me in Springdale somehow got themselves done, and disappeared, and I went to New York as I ought to have gone weeks before . . . and I was too late.

I think I knew it the first time I met Blanche Weatherby. Everything on the surface was casual, friendly . . . I met Mr. Wilson, thanked him for his help, thanked Mrs. Wilson; met Blanche, and thanked her, too. It was a friends-of-the-family kind of situation. Except that Blanche was far from being the "nice gal" Bill had suggested in his letters. The "kid who was just plain lonely" . . . not even my Springdale-trained eyes were as naive as that. Blanche was a danger signal. She was explosive, like the beginning of a violent, passionate movement of a Beethoven symphony. She had a slim, elegant body, an arrogantly beautiful face, with large dark eyes that I suppose could look lonely and helpless to a man who was trying hard to persuade himself that the poor girl just needed some good, kind friends. . . .

Oh, that catty kind of thinking wasn't like me! But I knew, I felt from the very first, that Bill was too interested in Blanche Weatherby. Too much time had gone by now to try to determine if Blanche knew it too, at the beginning. If she tried to discourage Bill, tried to avoid him . . . or only kept telling herself and her father that she was. It was possible that Blanche couldn't help herself any more than my Bill could. There are such things—sudden uncontrollable, violent impulses toward each other on the part of a man and a woman who know perfectly well that it can only end in trouble. . . .

It was a dreadful time for me. Lonely and isolated in the glamorous apartment, in which I felt like a visiting poor relation, I trudged through the days . . . telling myself it was only natural that everything should seem alien, unfriendly. Even Bill. He was working harder, digging deeper into his talents than he'd ever been called on to do before, because he'd never done anything as important as this job. Only natural he should be tired, irritable, snappish. Very natural indeed that he should spend so much time working—so many nights when he called up and said he'd have a quick sandwich at his desk and clear up a few pressing things if I didn't mind having dinner alone. I didn't mind, the first few times. It was only after a while, when there were two and sometimes three nights of late work, that I allowed the questions, the suspicions at the back of my mind, to seep through.

Really, all the time, I think I knew . . . it's not true, that saying about the wife always being the last to know. If she's been any kind of a wife at all, she probably knows almost before her husband admits it to himself that something has gone wrong between them. She may not know—as I didn't—all the miserable details. . . .

I don't know what I would have done without Blondie. Bill never liked her, because she was loud and friendly and very, very blonde. But without her neighborly cups of coffee and the comforting knowledge that if I got too lonely I could always walk down the hall and knock at her door—I just don't know how I'd have gotten through those dreadful weeks when I realized that my husband was almost out of his mind over another woman. Blondie's cynical acceptance of that kind of trouble, and her stiff doses of fighting talk when I wanted to give up and go home, held me together.

And something else. All along, as I stood on the outskirts of what was happening to Bill, watching him drawn tighter and tighter into the tangled emotional web that Blanche was weaving, I knew he didn't want to be there. Maybe that was what held me. It was humiliation, it was torture, and time after time I woke in the morning and remembered Bill's key in the door at some hour near midnight, and his furtive steps across the polished parquet foyer, and swore that I wouldn't stand it another day. I'd go home today to Springdale, and Bill could make up his mind on his own what he wanted to do with the rest of his life. . . . And then Bill would look up at me, perhaps as he was putting on his tie, or brushing his hair, and there would be such trouble and misery in his eyes, such a plea, it seemed to me, that all my anger would dissolve and it wouldn't be that day that I went back to Springdale.

Bill didn't want to be in love with Blanche. He fought it as long as he could. But the time came when I knew he had stopped fighting, and it was then that I did go back to Springdale. I remember how ominous it all seemed, how final. I was leaving a situation that was spiraling downward, but somebody had to get out. Somehow I was certain it wouldn't just find its way to the simple, routine end of most such situations, divorce and remarriage for Bill. . . . Blanche wasn't simple. There was something about her, like a dark aura forecasting tragedy; she was like one of those people the psychiatrists talk about, who are bent on bringing about their own destruction.

Hindsight? It could be. Enough has happened since then to confuse the most honest mind and memory . . . enough fearful, tragic, terrible things.

And they happened fast. In Springdale, I thought I faced only loneliness, a few weeks or even months of nerve-racking suspense, and then at the end at least the clean finality of a decision. Some kind of decision. Even with the heart-sure conviction that I still loved Bill and that he, beneath all the emotional confusion and physical glamour that drew him to Blanche, still loved me, I could almost face the possibility of the end of our marriage with equanimity. At least it would be final, and perhaps a broken heart is easier to bear than a heart torn between possibilities. . . . But no matter what I thought was ahead, I never anticipated what really happened. The sudden, catastrophic whirlpool of unspeakable horror that opened at our feet when Blanche Weatherby tried to break with Bill.

I was in Springdale, far from the scene. I don't want to remember what I afterward learned about it, from Bill himself, from Blondie . . . from Blanche's father . . . it's better forgotten. But what cannot be completely forgotten, ever, is that suddenly, shockingly, Blanche Weatherby was dead of a bullet wound, and Bill—my husband, Bill—was being held for her murder!

No . . . I wouldn't think back. I couldn't, anyway—nature provides its own veil for the memories that tear too sharply at one's sanity. The details had blurred . . . the panic-stricken flight to Bill's side, the realization that he was sick in body as well as in mind, the fear that he might not care enough to fight for his life . . . But still sharp and clear was the gradual emergence of the two certainties that, I believe, kept me alive and fighting when I was so perilously close to the end of my own endurance . . . first, that Bill was innocent; second, that the madness of his whole association with Blanche seemed to have reached its final climax with the shot that killed her, and that fumblingly, slowly, he was emerging once more as the

Bill I had married and loved so deeply. . . .

That gave me the strength I needed. Through all the desperate, racking months that came after, when we seemed to be scraping away with our bare fingers at a rocky wall of circumstantial evidence that grew higher and more menacing day by day . . . the knowledge that Bill had come back to me was the tonic I needed. It gave me the strength to keep my own despair from Bill when his lawyer almost admitted that he saw no hope for our case. It gave me the instinct that sent me in pursuit of Blanche Weatherby's neurotic mother, who somehow—I was sure—held the secret of Blanche's death.

And it bolstered me up in the final, almost unbelievable moment of victory, when the confession dictated by Blanche was read in court. The confession she made when she knew she was dying . . . the confession her mother had kept hidden, knowing that it would prove Bill's innocence. Somehow I had found the right words to unlock Mrs. Wilson's heart, and after all the tortured months we sat there in court, Bill and I, and looked into each other's eyes and heard those words read aloud for all the world to hear . . . the words that proved that Blanche had died accidentally by her own hand.

The words repeated themselves in my ears: "I, Blanche Weatherby . . . I, Blanche Weatherby. . . ." But all at once they were dimmed out by another sound. I opened my eyes, looked dazedly about me, and heard it again. A ringing . . . the phone bell, just barely reaching out this far across the lawn. As I ran for the house I glanced at my watch, and I wanted to gasp and laugh at the same time. It wasn't even noon. Could you cover so much ground in less than an hour? What a funny thing your mind was—to go so far, and return again, in no time at all. Surely if it could do that, it could perform other miracles, too. I hadn't time now to evaluate my little experiment, to figure out if I had really purged my memory of the things that were bothering it. But later I would. . . .

It was a strange voice on the phone. Automatically I reached for the pad and pencil, thinking it might be a message for Bill, for the man on the other end asked first for him.

"I'm sorry," I said. "He isn't in right now. Can I give him a message? This is Mrs. Roberts."

"Oh, Mrs. Roberts." The voice paused. "This is Edgar Duffy. I wonder . . . well, perhaps I'd better call another time."

My hand had frozen to the receiver. "If you care to," I said coldly.

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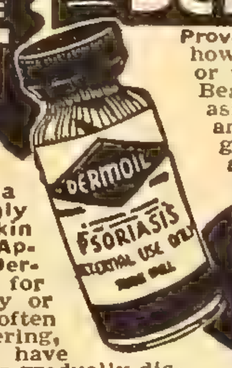

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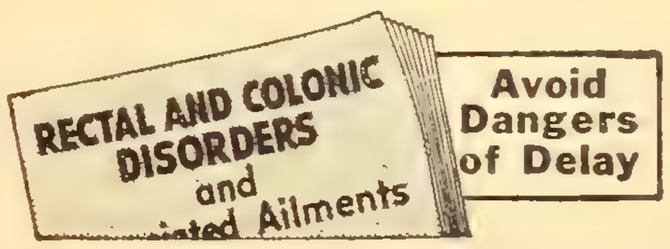

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"Yes. Unless of course Mr. Roberts would like to call me."

I said clearly, "If you have anything to say to my husband, Mr. Duffy, you're free to call again." Then I hung up and sat staring at the phone, wondering if I'd heard myself correctly. Edgar Duffy? Had I been that rude and outspoken to Duffy, the man who had caused us so much trouble that I never even liked to say his name? Now there was a memory I hadn't dredged up . . . the time he'd come to New York, when Bill was free on bail, to get an exclusive interview with the Springdale boy who—as he put it—made bad. Duffy was influential in certain Springdale circles, editor of the *Star* and a political power in the least savory inner circles.... And he and Bill were old enemies. He should have known better than to come taunting and bullying Bill, who had once had the power and the information to blow Duffy's hold on the town wide open. I shivered with anger as I remembered how that bitter scene had ended, in the New York hotel lobby where he had confronted Bill. It had ended in a fist fight, and more trouble for Bill. . . .

I was glad, fiercely glad I had hung up on Duffy. How dared he even ask to talk to Bill on the phone, after what had happened! And how glad I was that I hadn't been polite, that I hadn't told myself at once: Be careful, this man can cause you trouble here in town . . . I wouldn't pussyfoot any longer! I'd come out and face things, and fight back! I'd spent the whole morning facing them, and look what had happened . . . I felt fine, strong, better than I'd felt in weeks! It was the *not* facing things that kept the trouble brewing in its secret places. When you faced them you had them half beaten!

I was still in a fighting mood when, shortly afterward, Bill came home for lunch. But when I told him about Duffy's call, and saw the sudden pallor come over his face, I flinched. What was the use of my fighting mood, if Bill couldn't match it? I said quietly, "Why look like that, darling? What's the difference if a hundred Duffys call?"

"Don't be childish, Rosemary," Bill said shortly. "You know perfectly well that if he wants to he can get us run out of this town—"

"He certainly can, if you lie down and let him do it." Bill flushed furiously. I turned away and served the salad I'd made, and then I sat down opposite Bill and looked at him earnestly. "Darling, listen, I think we're being too soft with each other. We're going around lightly, like stepping on eggs—you're afraid to hurt me and I'm afraid to hurt you, and between the two of us we're practically wrapping our heads in cottonwool like a couple of prize specimens of plant life. We're not plant life, darling, we're human life, and we're as tough as anybody else. Tougher. We've been through more than most others."

"Fine talk," Bill said. His eyes looked as though I'd caught his interest against his will. "What makes you so almighty tough this afternoon?"

It was hard, trying to explain. It sounded so silly—to say I'd sat myself down, closed my eyes, and gone on a deliberate tour back into the past. But somehow as I found words to tell Bill it got easier. He seemed to understand almost before I was finished. Almost as though he had toyed with the same thought himself, and drawn back from it. When I finished he nodded.

"Straight out of a textbook," he commented. Then he sighed. "I'm afraid I wouldn't find it quite so easy. To remember the trial, the prison, the waiting—"

"Remember the acquittal," I said quickly. "Remember what the judge said, and what the newspapers said when you were let go and how you felt when you walked out of court a free man. They're just as much memories as the unhappy ones are." I bit my lip and took the big step. "Remember Blanche, if you want to, Bill. And when you do . . . remember truly. Remember that she's dead, and that—"

"That she's dead. Yes." Bill raised his eyes and stared into mine. "You think I want to remember her, Rosemary, don't you? That I want to talk about her? You're wrong. I don't. The only thing I feel is guilt . . . And yet I know that the violence that brought about her death was really in her. If I hadn't been the reason she exploded at that particular point, it would have been something else, later on. . . ."

"Bill, you never said that or saw it before!" I was triumphant. "You see? It works, Bill! If you want to think about it, let yourself! The things you actually think may surprise you, they may be so different from what you expect to remember!"

Bill sighed. "Even without thinking, I can see I've got quite a wife, Rosemary. Let's hope I can do something to make things a bit more pleasant for her from now on. Oh—not that I'm changing the subject, but I thought you'd like to know I went to see Dr. Jim this morning and tried to explain myself about the job. Told him I really was eager to get it."

"Oh, Bill, wonderful!"

"It's not entirely up to him, of course. The hospital board, and this and that. . . ." Bill frowned. "I wonder. I just wonder if our pal Duffy might have any part of it. Could that be why he called at this particular time?"

"Who cares," I said stoutly, and got up and shuffled the dishes together with dangerous self-confidence—one did slip, but Bill caught it before it reached the floor, and we grinned at each other as he put it carefully on the drainboard with the others. "You see? Nothing bad is going to happen," I said. "That's an omen. We'll just be tougher than the rest of the world, and then we'll see who'll push who around. There's nothing to be afraid of, darling."

"My little tigress," Bill said mockingly. But when he leaned over and kissed me I felt a new warmth, a new aliveness in his lips, and I was glad. . . .

I don't recall if it was the next day or the one after that Edgar Duffy came. Very soon, though . . . Bill was upstairs, trying to unstick a stubborn drawer, when the bell rang, and I remember, as I went to answer it, I was laughing at his loud complaints. But the laughter froze on my lips as I opened the door and saw Duffy. I didn't recognize him at first, but when I did my impulse started the door moving, almost of itself, to close him out. I stopped barely in time.

"Yes?" I said icily.

"I beg your pardon for bothering you." The man's smile was mocking and completely insincere. "There seems no other way to reach Mr. Roberts. Is he in?"

I might have said no, and shut the door, but I was glad that Bill saved me from that evasion. He came clattering downstairs just then, still muttering about the drawer, and came up behind me. I said quickly, "Mr. Duffy would like to see you, Bill."

"Here I am." Bill's voice was very quiet, very held-in. Suddenly I was really frightened, in spite of everything I'd been thinking and saying. I wanted Duffy to go away. I felt that old familiar impulse to put myself in front of Bill, to guard him from that mocking look. Bill's arms on my shoulders moved me gently but defi-

nitely out of the picture. "Come in," he said.

Duffy was as jaunty as though he were visiting a friend. I followed them into the living room, knowing Bill would rather I disappeared but determined not to leave them alone. After all, their last interview had ended with Duffy down on the floor. The man had a wicked tongue. He might say something to Bill. . . .

He didn't waste any time. "I understand you're thinking of settling in Springdale, Roberts," he said. "I thought I'd come along and give you a bit of advice."

"Did you now," Bill said. "You're a remarkably public-spirited man, aren't you?"

"Glad you see it that way," Duffy said. "There's no place for you here, Roberts. This is a clean town. The citizens of Springdale would rather you picked up your marbles and moved along."

"And you are here to speak for the citizens of Springdale." Bill's voice was dangerously even. "Do you have a written authorization of some kind? Not that I question your absolute authority, of course. . . ."

I was delighted to see a slow red creeping up the back of Duffy's neck. Bill was going to fight! I'd been afraid, when Duffy made that crack about the citizens of Springdale, that Bill would just shrivel up. It was just the kind of thing he'd been worried about, ready to flinch away from, until now.

"I wonder if you're not leaving part of the story out," Bill continued almost thoughtfully. He looked Duffy up and down. "A small but interesting part. About your own feelings. You know—about how you would prefer me to be somewhere else because of a little knowledge I happen to have about the activities of one Edgar Duffy. A land deal, for instance, that would have taken thousands out of the pockets of good Springdale citizens and put them into Mr. Duffy's own pockets. And another deal that almost started a typhoid epidemic which would have run through the poor kids of the town like wildfire if it hadn't been nipped in the bud. The ins and outs of that never did become public, did they? It couldn't be because I happen to know all those ins and outs, now could it, Mr. Duffy?"

"You can't threaten me, Roberts. With your reputation, you don't stand a chance. I can have you thrown out of town. I'm just giving you the chance to go quietly, and save yourself and your wife some—"

"That does it," Bill said. He closed the distance between them and seemed to loom over Duffy, and his hands clenched till the knuckles showed white. "One word about my wife and I'll let you have it, and I'm in better shape than I was the last time I broke your jaw. You've caused my wife and me the last ounce of trouble you're going to, Duffy. Let me tell you something. We're here, and we're going to stay here. We're going to live here and dig in and be part of Springdale the way we were always meant to be, and it'll give me more pleasure than anything I can think of if you lift one of your dirty, crooked little fingers to try to stop us. Just one, Duffy, that's all I want to see. The decent citizens of Springdale!" Bill snorted. "One word from you, you cheap crook, and I'll fix it so the decent citizens will cross the street when they see you coming, if you haven't left town by then. Or maybe I'll bust your jaw again, before I bust your phony righteous reputation." He flexed his fists. "Either way I can hardly wait."

Duffy struggled for the remnants of his dignity. "I'm being threatened!" he sputtered. "You're going too far, Roberts. A man with your—"

"Threatened isn't all you'll be if you don't get out. Right now," Bill said. "Come on, Duffy. Out. And please don't get yourself into trouble by bothering us again."

Somehow, without laying a finger on the man, he edged him to the front door. I had stopped trembling. Bill could take care of this, apparently. I watched almost with pleasure as Duffy tried not to show how scared he was. "That's your last chance," he blustered. "I tell you, Roberts, you'll never work in Springdale. You've cut your own throat. You'll never get that job with the hospital."

I don't think Bill remembered I was there. He slammed the door behind Duffy's outraged back and then suddenly he leaned against the wall and started to laugh. It was real, honest laughter. I came up to him timidly and said, "Are you all right?"

"All right?" He grabbed my hand and put it over his heart. "All right! Rosemary, feel that! Feel how it's beating! I haven't felt this alive in I don't know how long! I'm not all right, I'm wonderful! Rosemary, I'm so furious mad I could chew nails! I should have hit him—I knew I should have—"

Suddenly he looked down and really focused on me. "Darling, don't be upset," he said more quietly. "Really, everything's fine. I'm going to write the guy a testimonial, that's what. He's cured me."

"As long as you're not hysterical," I said.

"I'm not hysterical." Bill put my hand to his lips. "Don't you see, Rosemary, I was afraid I couldn't get excited about anything ever again? Even when I thought about Duffy, I couldn't get mad or sad or anything. I just drew a blank. It took the guy coming here, into my own house, pushing me around—the colossal gall of him!" Bill shook his head almost with admiration. His cheeks were warm, his eyes alight and eager. He didn't look mad. He looked . . . yes, he looked positively happy!

"But aren't you concerned? I mean, he can make trouble."

"Is this the girl who was giving me fight talks yesterday?" Bill mocked. "Let him make trouble. I'll double it for him! Drive us out of town?" He laughed again. "That'll be the day, Rosemary!"

Suddenly something inside me seemed to give way, and the next thing I knew I was clinging to Bill, crying all over his shirt front. "Rosemary," he said. "Darling, what is it? What's happened?"

"Nothing, nothing," I gulped and tried to stop. "It's just such a relief to see you so fired up about something. I was afraid, too . . . you were so negative and so. . . ." I shook my head and reached for his handkerchief. "It's such a relief to know that *I* can break down now if I want to, and you'll comfort me. I don't have to be afraid to cry for fear of upsetting you."

"Darling," Bill said very soberly, "you can come to me and cry your head off every time you break a fingernail if you want to. I hope you'll never cry for anything more important as long as we live. At least I know you'll never cry any more over a husband who's only half alive—"

"I didn't cry," I told him softly. "But I wanted to . . . oh, Bill, is it really all right now? Are you—back? No matter what happens, what Duffy does, or about the job, or anything?"

Bill put his arms around me so tightly it hurt. "I'm really back," he said. "And it's really all right. Now that I know I can still get mad if I'm pushed around, and still fight for what's right, and I've still got you. You bet I'm back, Rosemary. No matter what."

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(*Continued from page* 36)

continued silently down the blue-carpeted aisle, finding themselves drawn towards the altar before which, God willing—and if any employer willed the bridegroom-to-be, just two weeks out of the Service, a job—they would be standing again soon . . . as man and wife. . . .

Dick hadn't been too enthusiastic about having a church wedding. Male-like, he'd suggested, "Look, why don't we just hop in the car and buzz off to some Justice of the Peace?" But, about this, Mary Lou had been lovingly firm. They would not "buzz off" anywhere. They would be married in church. And, because of their different faiths, preferably in the non-sectarian Little Brown Church. She had nostalgic memories of her sister Sheilah's beautiful ceremony there, and—after three years of planning and hoping—a girl was entitled to her own memories.

Standing before the red velvet altar where they would kneel, the organ music soft in the background, she was remembering the words of the Reverend John H. Wells—beautiful and personal words—as though he'd known the couple their entire lives. Words like those she would soon be hearing: "I commend you for getting married in the House of God. By being here, you indicate you already think of your marriage as something very sacred and beautiful. . . . Do you promise in the presence of Almighty God and these witnesses that you will try to be a true and faithful husband?" She could imagine Dick's ringing "I do." And to the words, "Will you care for him in sickness and in health, in prosperity and in adversity?"—her own singing "I will."

In a way, they'd been "rehearsing" their marriage ever since her handsome fiance's discharge from the Service, when they realized it would take time to find a job—and their wedding must be delayed. . . .

They'd gone house-hunting, stopping wherever they saw the magic words, "Open House," stopping and looking and imagining the home of their own. Most of them were $30,000 homes, even though they knew that theirs would probably be a small efficient apartment. "Just looking around," they'd say nonchalantly to any interested real estate men. But a little gray-haired woman realtor "sitting on the house" they'd last looked through, had seen with wise old eyes—straight through to their hearts—and their pocketbooks. "Children, you'll be so disappointed later," she told them kindly. "Why don't you two start looking for something you can afford?"

They'd window-shopped for a wide gold wedding band to go with Mary Lou's simple solitaire. And they'd strolled sentimentally around the old ivied buildings on the Los Angeles City College campus where, three-and-a-half years ago, they'd first met. A meeting that admittedly meant first love for both of them. "I'd never gone steady before I met Dick," says Mary Lou softly now. "And I'd never really paid much attention to women, until I met her," he returns, "I was a lot more interested in athletics in school. Although I wasn't much of an athlete," he adds modestly. "You set a record for the 100-yard dash," she says proudly. "But it's been broken, honey, since—"

Since that day they met, when Mary Lou was assigned the lead in a college play, "Deep Are the Roots," and Dick the job as stage manager, they've found that life and love during today's turbulent times comprise problems as ceaseless and as complicated and as crucial as any shared by One Man's Family from day to day and year to year. But with one notable difference: they've had no script . . . no Carlton E. Morse to write them out of difficulties.

At a regular Thursday-morning radio rehearsal at NBC, Father and Mother Barbour and the rest were so excited to hear their favorite grandchild was getting married. When, they wanted to know, was the happy date? And Mary Lou would have been only too happy to have Mr. Morse—who's settled her radio life problems since she was eight years old on One Man's Family—fill this in.

As Joan she'd encountered practically no matrimonial difficulties. She'd married wealthy socialite Ross Farnsworth on Christmas Day, 1951 (a year after her real-life engagement to Richard Schacht), in a traditional and beautiful wedding ceremony in front of the fireplace at the Barbours' family home.

All in white, she'd walked in securely on Nick's arm. Jack was best man. Dr. McArthur, using the usual Episcopal ceremony, had joined them in matrimony. Nine

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months to the day, she was expecting her first child. The only complication in the entire procedure was her mother-in-law, Mrs. Farnsworth, who hasn't cut the umbilical cord . . . and in all probability—and for dramatic purposes—never will. . . .

All of which inspires her real husband-to-be to add the threat of bigamy to the problem of unemployment and to lament, with a laugh in his black-brown eyes, "I'm marrying a married woman. More than that—a woman with a child!"

Yet they could have met—just as they did—in One Man's Family. Mary Lou Harrington, a radio child-actress in her native Detroit, moved with her family to Hollywood, where at the age of eight she auditioned for and won the part of Joan in the radio serial. Her father, Frank, works at the Hollywood Women's Club. Her mother, Effiemay, presides over their modest white bungalow home and occasionally boards infants on the side—to help out.

Following her graduation from the Powers Professional School, Mary Lou enrolled at City College, majoring in drama. Richard Schacht's parents and their five children moved to Hollywood from Carlyle, Pennsylvania—"the home of Jim Thorpe," he identifies it proudly. His father "raises bonds for Israel." He enrolled in City College, majoring in play production, with an eye for a future in the technical end of radio or motion pictures or television. He went to City College—"because they had the 'Four-Four Plan' . . . four hours of school, four hours of work . . . mornings I went to school, afternoons, I worked."

One night when the rehearsal of "Deep Are the Roots" was running late, Dick offered Mary Lou and her girl friend a ride home. "My mother worried about us waiting on a dark street-corner at midnight for the bus," says Mary Lou. "I was the lesser of two evils," grins Dick.

Walking across the campus in the moonlight, Mary Lou eyed the street curiously—to determine which conveyance was his. "I was looking for a hot-rod," she smiles now. "And I was very anti-hot-rod at the time." She was very impressed when they stopped instead at a brand-new black Ford, and Dick helped them protectively inside. "I'd paid for it working at the Prudential Life Insurance Company as a clerk," he says. "And I'm still driving it."

Her high opinion of him began with the new black car. "I knew I'd struck it good," she laughs, about his not turning out to be a hot-rod fiend. "We were both eighteen, and I'd always been so set against going with boys my own age. I thought they were foolish and much too young. I was impressed to find Dick so much older than his age. And so gentlemanly. Such a sensible, level-headed boy. . . ."

"I liked her personality and her looks—and her quiet ways," he returns. "I can't stand phony or talkative women. That yakking and yakking—I don't like."

Neither remembers the first time the word "marriage" was mentioned. Their romance just gradually developed into one of those "some-day-when-we-get-married" sort of things. Together they went to her mother and asked if it would be all right for Mary Lou to accept an engagement ring that Christmas of 1950. Then they went to the May Company and picked out a modest yellow gold solitaire. They were to be married when Dick finished school—but Uncle Sam, it turned out, had other plans.

In May, 1951, Dick entered the Service and was assigned to Norton Air Base, San Bernardino, California. And not even a radio-serial writer could have figured out a way for two people today to get married on ninety-six dollars a month base pay.

For fifteen minutes every evening—plus rehearsals—Mary Lou was engrossed in her life with One Man's Family, but the rest of the time Joan was entirely on her own. Like any other twenty-year-old, Mary Lou was full of thoughts of her personal life. Of how lives and futures could change overnight. Mary Lou worried—worried and waited for the phone to ring. Happy to hear Dick's voice, but dreading the call when he might say he was Korea-bound. "I worried all the time. I was afraid he would leave on a day's notice. They were sending them over by the hundreds from his base around Christmas-time. . . ."

In his barracks, Dick kept an ear glued to the radio whenever he could, to hear her voice on One Man's Family and other radio shows. During his basic training, Mary Lou appeared on Lux Radio Theatre in "Edward, My Son" and Dick, who'd been marching all day, rushed wearily back to the barracks—even passing up chow—to make it in time. "I turned on the radio, then I fell flat on my face and slept through the whole show."

He kept her picture close beside him, "although at first nobody would believe we were engaged, anyway." When they did, "the boys from the East and the South were kind of impressed," he grins. As weeks went by, to razz him, his buddies would turn on "a lot of hillbilly music real loud—to drown out my radio." He took a lot of ribbing, too, from other G.I.'s about "his girl" being "married" to another guy. And, when he had One Man's Family turned on the evening Joan and Ross informed the other happy Barbours they were going to have a baby, the other boys in the barracks razzed him unmercifully.

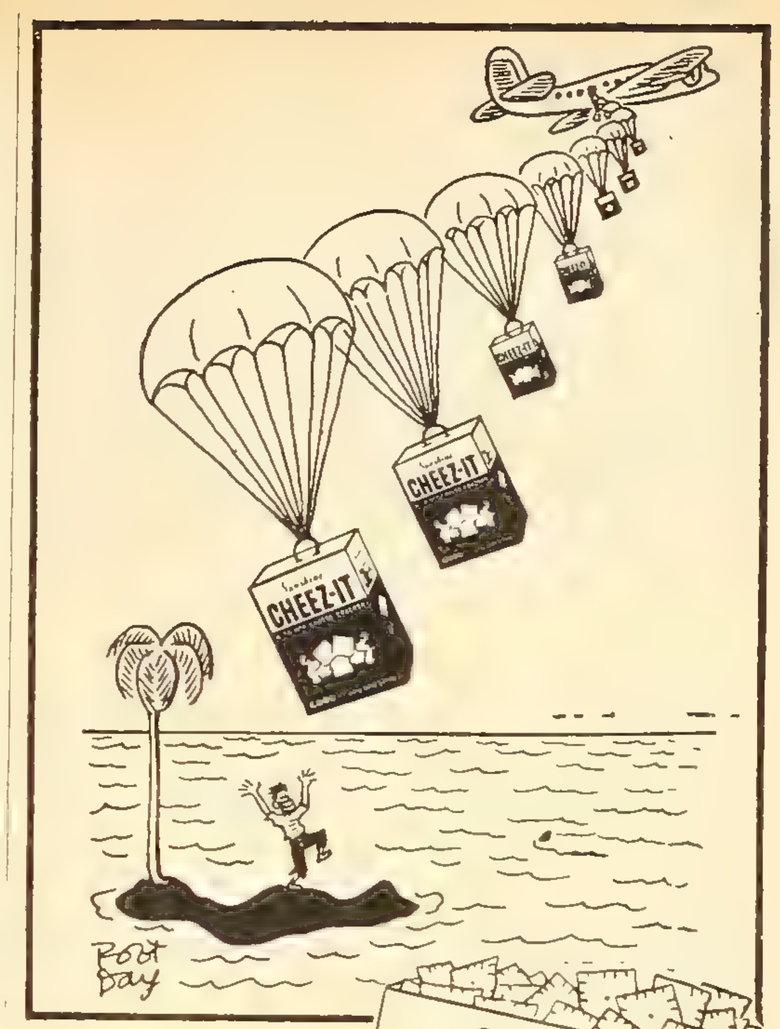
A war marriage—even a cold-war marriage—was a touchy subject then, even if it could have been arranged. Dick was determined on that subject. "I couldn't see getting married on nothing and living in San Bernardino. And so many fellows leaving every day—shipping out overseas—"

"We'd seen so many kids get married in a hurry," adds Mary Lou, "they would have such a hard time at the beginning. We thought we would wait—even if it took longer—and have something when we started out. But—"

But their determination was wavering when he'd been definitely assigned to the base film library—until they got the joyful news that he'd be getting out of the Service come August . . . and they decided again to wait. . . .

When he was discharged, Dick's was the big problem facing other twenty-one-year-olds today. He's trying feverishly to establish himself and pick up life where he left off. They were both determined however welcome they would be, not to begin married life living with either of their families. And jobs, it seemed, were hard to find. "And you can't save much on ninety-six dollars a month," says Dick, even while Mary Lou proudly reveals he managed to save $500 out of this, towards their "wedding fund." Daily, Dick made the rounds looking for a job—any kind of job. Placing his application at radio stations, too, and all motion-picture and television studios. Then a few days later, making the same rounds, with a wary eye in the direction of the wastebaskets—to make sure his application hadn't been filed there. In the evenings, Mary would wait eagerly for him to come by and report the glad tidings of that day—or the not-so-glad. . . .

One evening, an excited Dick reported he'd had an interview with one of the most important producers at Columbia motion picture studios. That is, *sort* of an interview, he told her. It was pretty one-sided—the producer's side. While he was at Norton Air Base, Army executives had loaned Columbia some war film, and



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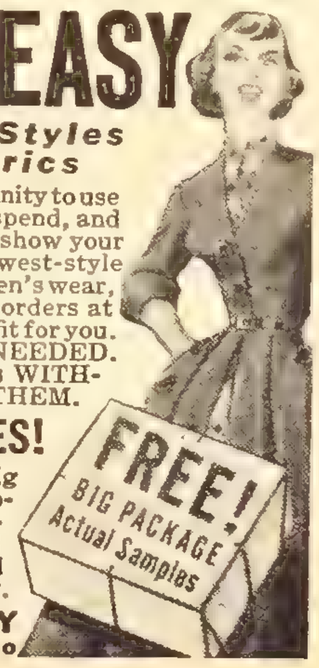

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Dick had delivered it. He knew the fellow's name, but when he went over that morning—"I had no idea I'd get through to him." Then he'd found himself being ushered through office after office, and suddenly there he was—standing right in front of the biggie's desk. "I was so surprised I just stood there," he told her, with an abashed grin. "Honey, I couldn't think of *one word* to say!"

As usual, his Mary Lou understood. "I know. I felt the same way when I finally met Bill Holden when we worked Lux Radio Theatre together one day. I've been his fan all my life—what a moment—I just stood there like a statue."

They're two well-balanced twenty-one-year-olds—Richard Schacht and Mary Lou. Ambitious, industrious, and determined to make their marriage, despite delays and financial complications, just as they planned. They're thoroughly in love—love tempered with humor and without temperament—but with sufficient differences of opinion to make for a stimulating future domestically.

They've never had a fight. Not one. "The closest we've ever come to a quarrel was one Fourth of July when Mary Lou wanted to go see the fireworks at the Coliseum and I didn't want to go," remembers her fiance. "Well, you know what happened—we went to see the fireworks. And I enjoyed it—that's the worst part," he laughs.

However . . .

There's the matter of the debatable future of Mary Lou's menagerie; her two cats, "Jeep" and "Tilly," her parakeets, and an aquarium. "The fish may go along, but the cats—*no!*" says Dick.

There's the matter of modern paintings. "I *love* modern. All modern. Dali . . . Diego Rivera . . . the more modern the better." And Mary Lou: "I hate it. Give me the Huntington Library." And Dick again: "Blue Boy—he bores me."

Also, "I like wild, crazy cars and crazy clothes," he goes on recklessly. "I'm crazy about Jaguars. That's a touchy point with us," he laughs, "saving up for our first Jaguar." Maybe it was too much khaki, he went on. Only the day before, he'd gone shopping in Beverly Hills and emerged with the wildest colored neckties and the showiest English clothes he could find.

"With a navy blue T-shirt and *yellow* trousers," says his bride-to-be, with a dainty ladylike shudder.

"Gold. The pants are gold," he corrects. Adding, "I came in like a sunset, and she went out like thunder. . . ."

And when it comes to women's clothes, he's all for them, too. "I like well-dressed women. I notice good clothes more than a girl's looks or her legs. And I hate slacks. Who was it said, 'Women in slacks can't turn their backs'?"

"If you feel *that* way, why did you give me that pair of pedal-pushers three years ago for my birthday?" remembers Mary Lou. "Oh, *those,*" he says, adding reflectively, "I don't know" . . . with all the smug amazement of a twenty-one-year-old who wonders what on earth possessed him to perpetrate so foolish a deed at the age of eighteen.

Entertainment, they agree on. Give them a stroll along picturesque Olivera Street munching on tacos. Let them loop spaghetti across a red-checkered tablecloth. Or go window-shopping for wedding furniture or leopard-upholstered Jaguars.

They'll start married life equipped with a modern bedroom set her mother gave Mary Lou, an extra modern bed Dick's held onto, and a chrome dinette set Mary got at a bargain when a friend broke up housekeeping. That is, if they can retrieve them from the apartments of their young married friends. "It's all loaned out now," laughs Mary Lou.

Waiting, too, for its rightful place in their dream home, is her "hope chest," fairly bulging with towels, pillow-cases, a presto-cooker ("My sister got two for her wedding and I inherited one"), a starter set of Revere Wear, some good china, "and so many—night things," she says, with a girlish blush in the direction of her future bridegroom. "One Christmas *everybody* gave me glamorous night things to wear. Lounging pajamas, and two luscious coral and turquoise nightgowns. And Mother Barbour gave me a cookbook, and. . . ."

Intelligently, they've discussed the "double life" Mary Lou will lead as Joan, wife and mother, and as Dick's bride. "I'd be foolish to object to her career," he says. "Radio's a great job for a girl. Mary Lou's job won't interfere at all. She just works Thursday and Friday mornings now, taping One Man's Family."

"This way, I can help with a nest egg too," adds Mary Lou. "We can live on his money and put mine away. . . ."

Living on Dick's money, however—they remember merrily—belongs to the future. To, they hope, the extremely near future. It's grounds for confusion, being the radio mother of a bouncing baby boy—and still waiting for that magic hour when she will walk through the open door of The Little Brown Church In the Valley to bridal happiness.

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(*Continued from page* 13)

1946, when he recorded "That's My Desire"—he's been one of the top recording artists in the business.

Secret Wedding:

Dorothy Collins managed to keep her marriage to Raymond Scott a secret for eight weeks—and then just couldn't help letting the world in on the know. Dorothy first met Scott back in 1942, once toured with his orchestra, and from 1950 on has been working with him. The popular young singer on Your Hit Parade has recorded—with Gordon Jenkins—"So Madly In Love," backed by "From The Time You Say Goodbye," for Decca. She'll be seen and heard this fall on Your Hit Parade, along with June Valli, who records for Victor and gained attention when she appeared on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts.

In Case You Missed The News:

Watch for the announcement of the birth of Jo Stafford's baby. Ditto, Johnnie Ray's. . . . Johnnie is just about as proud as we've ever seen a man—hopes the news will keep people who've been predicting the beginning of the end of his marriage from attacking for a while yet. Oddly enough, the soda pop set hasn't cooled toward Johnnie, despite the marriage and forthcoming child.

Record Check List:

If you can call all ten your very own, you've got the busiest turn-table in the neighborhood—with a gang of kids to run it for you . . . eight, you just haven't been listening . . . six, do you *want* to keep out of those arguments over which song sends you?

1. "You're the One I Care For," backed by "Hesitation," with Alan Foster on the vocal and Art Mooney with his orchestra, for MGM. Good for both listening and dancing.
2. "I Don't Know Any Better" and "Mademoiselle," with Eddy Howard, for Mercury. Watch your girl friend's mercury rise with this one.
3. "You Belong to Me" and "I Went to Your Wedding," with Patti Page, for Mercury. There's also a Jo Stafford recording of "You Belong to Me" which is excellent.
4. "Say You'll Wait for Me" and "My Search for You Is Ended," with Bill Hayes on the vocal, for MGM. You'll be waiting in line at the record counter for this one—so hurry up.
5. "Early Autumn" and "Because You're Mine," with MGM's Billy Eckstine—smooth, emotional and appealing.
6. Victor's Perry Como's "Sweethearts' Holiday" and "My Love and Devotion." Perry has loads of the latter for his family, and his fans have loads of the same for him.
7. "I Like to Talk to Myself" and "That Naughty Waltz," with April Stevens, for Victor. This is one solid "cute" voice, and the lyrics are darling.
8. For dancing pleasure, there is Buddy de Franco with his clarinet (and his trio) with "Carioca" and "Just One of Those Things," for MGM. Foot-tapping music that's easy on the ears.
9. "The Rock of Gibraltar," sung by who else but Frankie Laine? For Columbia. Will this be his seventh hit to chalk up a million? Maybe not, but it's fun to think it might be.
10. "Beginning of the End," by Don Cornell, for Coral. And this is the end. Definitely.

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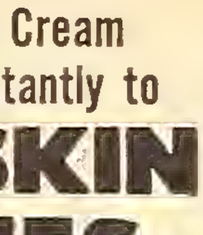

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Plan for Happiness

(*Continued from page* 31)

is just about the living image of the fictional detective. But, unlike Perry, John is the marrying kind.

"Now, on this planning business," he persists, "what I mean is that, if I stood in front of Childs and got hungry, that's where I would eat. If I changed my mind at eight-thirty about going to a nine-o'clock movie, I wouldn't go."

Then John met Teri Keane, star of Life Can Be Beautiful and Big Sister. She was beautiful. The opera score she carried was a natural conversation piece, for John loves music. Teri, too, it turned out, was a singer of considerable talent—a natural talent, since her mother was once a concert singer.

"When you first fall in love, plans don't matter," John grins. "You've got so much to talk about that even your food gets cold waiting."

But eventually it had to happen. Teri and John would drive into the country on a Saturday or Sunday. Just ride around aimlessly. One Friday, Teri came up with a road map.

"There's a cute little place up around Danbury for a picnic," she said. "I'll pack a lunch and we'll get away early, say about nine."

"Now, look," John said. "Whenever you get up, if it's not too early, phone me, and we'll just get in the car and ride, and we'll eat someplace along the road."

"But a picnic is so much fun."

"A planned picnic? It's bound to rain."

And it did rain. It rained on Sunday, too, and on the following weekend.

"Picnic was delayed two weeks," John remembers, "but Teri was right. It was fun."

As they approached June 10, 1950, their wedding day, John discovered there were a lot of arrangements to be made and he found that he was just as involved in them as Teri.

"Understand, Teri's a wonderful, warm-hearted person. No demagogue," John explains. "My ideas were asked for and we hashed out our differences. But I guess my past disordered life put a hex on our plans."

Since both work five days a week, they could take only a three-day honeymoon. They made reservations at Silvermine, Connecticut, a wonderful valley village where all the buildings have been reconstructed as they were in stagecoach days.

"The inevitable happened," John says. "I got a call to work a Sunday-night show and we had only a twenty-four hour honeymoon. More plans gone awry!"

They had drawn a model of their new apartment to scale and bought furnishings complete to the last ash tray. But when they moved in, they discovered the landlord had already furnished and he refused to put his things in storage.

"We had two of everything, two beds, two dining tables, two sofas. It was awful."

John resolutely and irreverently went about dismantling the landlord's furniture and stuffing it into closets. That helped some.

"Anyway, our two first important plans had gone haywire," John recalls. "But I was fairly well domesticated. Instead of kicking myself for getting involved in what I once considered nonsense, I got angry at the people who threw the monkey wrench."

Another side of the planning business came to light on the occasion of John's birthday. Parties were for kids, he thought. Adults, if they think of it, go out and have dinner and maybe go on to a show.

"And that's what I thought we were going to do, until we got to the restaurant. What a surprise!"

Teri had reserved the rear half of the room for all of his friends. Gifts were piled chin high and there was a cake suitable in size for the Dionne quintuplets' birthday.

"I was thrilled," John says. "I really was."

So on Teri's birthday John planned a surprise. The evening began the same, but at the restaurant they had dinner alone. John explained he had tickets for the theatre but wouldn't tell her the name of the show—that was the surprise.

When they got into the cab, John feigned distress and he's a pretty good actor. The tickets had been forgotten and they had to go back to the apartment.

"I'll wait in the cab," Teri said. "It'll save time."

"Come up with me. We'll catch another one."

"We're already late, John."

He began sweating. In the apartment were all of Teri's friends, a caterer with food, gifts, everything waiting to surprise her and she wouldn't leave the cab.

"Look," John said, "you'll just hold up this driver."

The driver spoke up, "I don't mind waiting."

Luckily, at that moment, another cab and two truck drivers began blaring their horns.

"We're jamming up traffic," John said, pulled Teri out of the cab and swept her into the elevator before she could protest.

"The look on her face when she got into the apartment was worth all the trouble," John says. "Truly, it is better to plan than to receive."

The Larkins share their apartment now with a year-and-a-half-old baby girl.

"She was a planned event, too," John says.

And the planning goes on. This past summer they enjoyed a summer cottage in Westport so much that they have decided to save up for a home of their own. They are budgeting closely on everything from laundry to surprise parties. John eats all meals at home. Teri has taken a cut on her clothing allowance.

"Seriously speaking, I once thought planning was strictly a feminine quirk," John says. "But now I've learned it's half the fun of being married. It makes a husband and wife feel closer, too, more coordinated and more communicative." John's jaw set in a thoughtful smile. "You know, if Perry Mason were the marrying kind, I've got a hunch he'd be a great planner."

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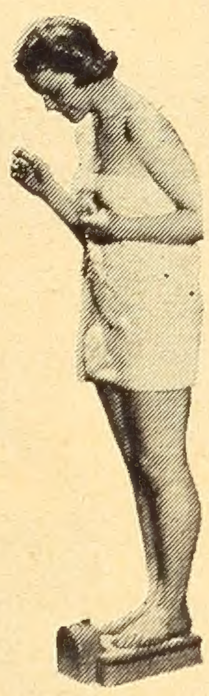

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Ellery Queen

(*Continued from page* 66)

well fitted to grace any drawing-room, and equipped with a quick, well-informed mind and humor that is inclined to be three steps ahead of each situation as it arises. As for the scientific advancements, in particular the automobile. . . .

"Even though I'm fairly good in the 'fixit' department," apologizes Lee, "I'm ashamed to admit that the modern automobile defeats me. Frankly, I look upon this great stride in the scientific world as a trap . . . a trap set especially for me. A trap into which I consistently fall. We have two cars. One is fairly old as cars go . . . we use it as a family runabout. My wife and step-daughter (both Helenes) and son (Lee) have great sport in it—use it all the time. And never a hitch. Even I have been known to make occasional unentangled trips in it. The second is a newer car, equipped, supposedly, with every latest gadget the automotive world has developed. It is mainly with this car that I come to grips. I am forced to gaze upon it as a monstrosity developed with the sole intent and purpose of reducing me to a blubbering idiot. No matter when I take it out, something goes wrong. Lines supposedly feeding oil into vital parts suddenly take to washing the windshield . . . except on stormy nights, when the windshield wiper at the driver's seat—mine—quietly expires in static rigidity."

Aside from the somewhat harried expression that crosses his face at the mere mention of an automobile, Lee Bowman's manner gives no indication of the busy life he leads . . . a life that runs circles around the supposedly hectic existences of Hollywood's most-in-demand "properties." Which is not exactly the way he planned it.

"In Hollywood," explains Lee, "actors actually have ample free time between pictures . . . time to be with their families, pursue hobbies, and just plain enjoy living. Life on the West Coast is paced slower and easier than it is here. I've discovered that everything in New York is a 'big deal' . . . you really have to work to put yourself across. And that applies to just about every profession or business.

"So instead of having regular, comparatively sane working hours, I find myself working forty hours a week on just the twenty-four-minute Ellery Queen show itself. Additional guesting on such shows as Theatre Guild of The Air, Studio One, Curtain Call, Cavalcade of America serves to add hours to my work week, and break up my weekends with the family. On top of that, I'm active in several other business ventures, including insurance and real estate and the supervision of my mother's 1,000-acre farm in Kingstree, South Carolina . . . producing cotton, tobacco and timber."

Easy life? Not exactly, but actor Lee Bowman seems to thrive on it. His one regret is the way it cuts into his family life. Ordinarily, they do many things together . . . used to do more, and perhaps one day will get back to the old routine. Nevertheless, over weekends you'll most often find Lee, his two Helenes, and eight-year-old son, Lee, swimming, golfing, boating or playing tennis together. Or perhaps the two Lees can be found hitting the bull's-eye at a pistol range.

"Lee's very good with the pistol," continues his father. "When he's a little older, I'm going to teach him how to handle a rifle so we can go hunting together. And, speaking of teaching Lee, I wonder how old he must be before he can learn automobile mechanics? It would be so helpful!"

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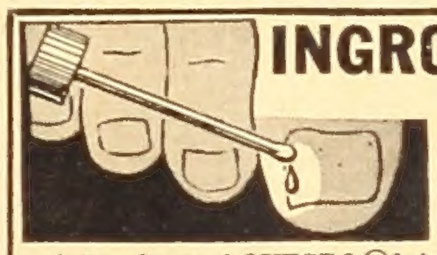

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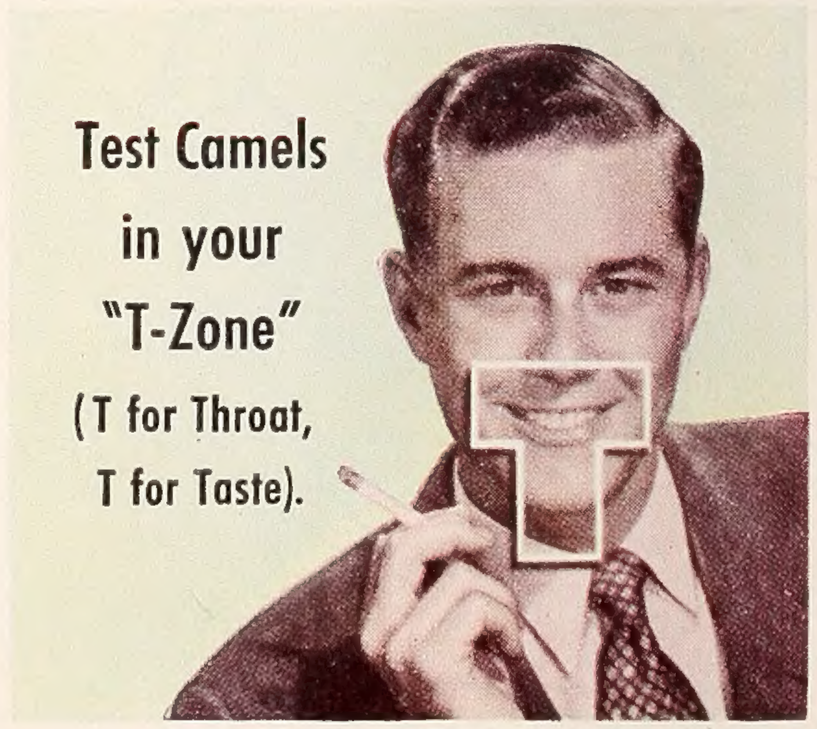
CAMEL OUTSELLS ALL OTHER BRANDS

BY BILLIONS OF CIGARETTES!



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.